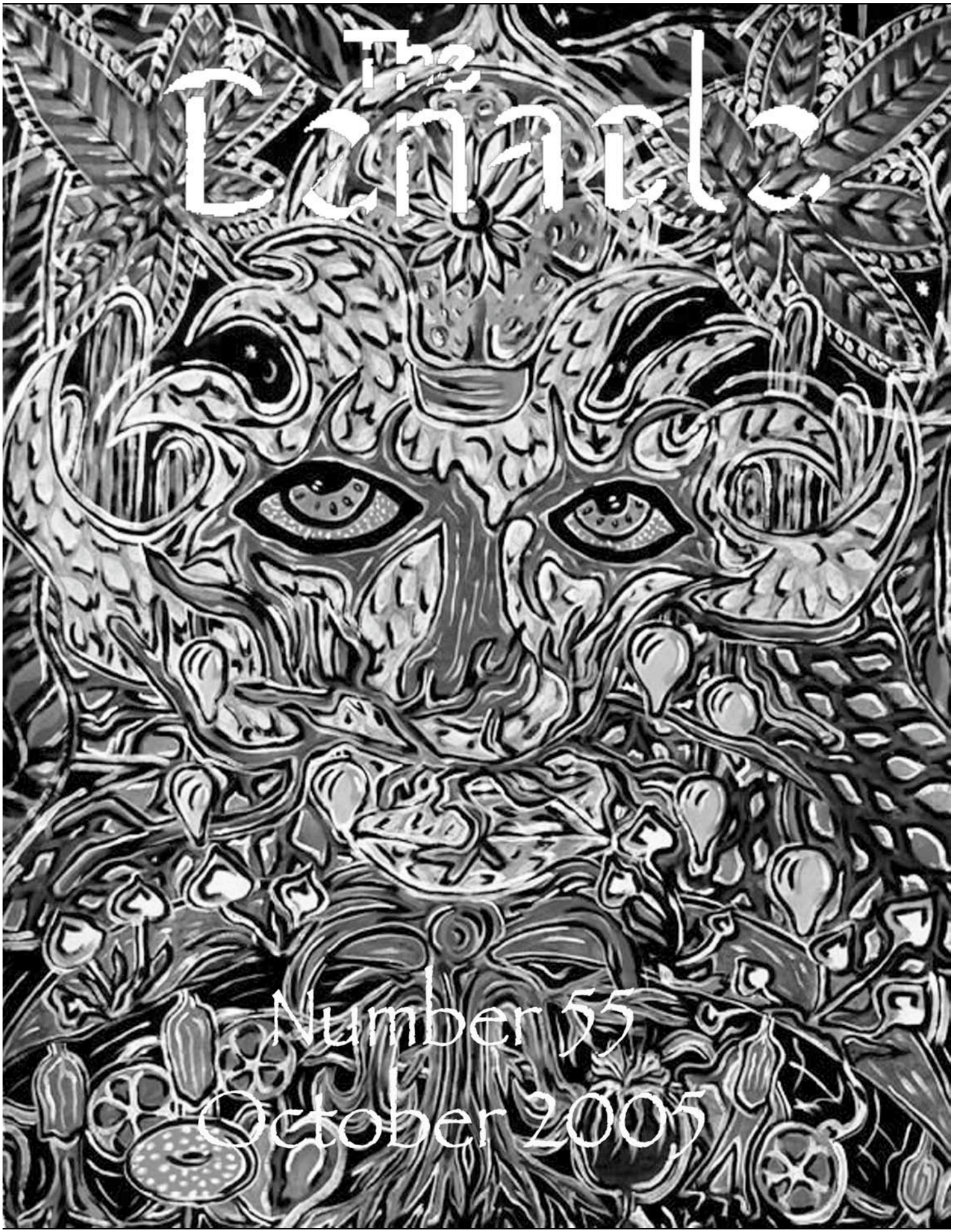
The
Crack
Number 55
October 2005

They're locking them up today
They're throwing away the key
I wonder who it'll be tomorrow, you or me?

From Soulard's Notebooks

May 30, 2005
Ballard McDonald's
Seattle, Washington

Dare me look into the future I see several maybes of hope – living somewhere less crowded with noise & hurrying frowning people, not so far it can't be gotten to but farther away than now – & I know that more control is more freedom – & that what one has done isn't the text for what to come – I feel that re-inventing passions keeps them a lava & exciting – a home with more than one room & a yard & maybe some flowers & pups, some trees & a truck, a satellite dish for communication – & somewhere in range a library – a desire to write cleaner & barer – that's already come around – not about length or topic but the right notes singly or in cascades – pursuit of dreams realities greater than now – & maybe possible people around – I don't know where or how yet – but there are others – intentional community of some kind – a feeling of independence & yet not complete isolation – more one of inventing & shaping as much as possible – using the lessons from past

such experiments – to be partnered with some smart others, people that want what I want – a deep, working perspective of the world & worlds –

People like this are rare & meaningful I've known them & let them slip away & miss them –

To bring full plate to the table to share with others their full plate – to remove persistingly from the dense cattle run most lives seem to be –

I could be a father if I felt my child had a chance for clarity & beauty. I will not live in the suburbs, the sticks, the dirty city – I'm not sure where this leaves but it won't be what I know & still struggle within –

My Art goes on & on because I insist it's as simple as that – there are times it prospers more & less but I won't abandon it nor it me – we are the same as I am with none else – I can't think otherwise right now –

I hope to achieve these things when still potent in years & health, time to

enjoy them through nearly endless, nameless days—

What I am doing now does & must point toward these desired times—

* * * * * *

July 8, 2005
On board Capitol Hill-to-
Downtown Seattle bus

—Yesterday guerrillas blew up part of London's subway system—the War continues, it gets harder to know how to think about the whole thing—the G8 Summit in Scotland was going on—an obvious catalyst—

What could either side do to stop it? Cease-fire or victory—Korea, Vietnam. Nobody believes in the goodness of Bush or Binladen—& I don't think Bin Laden is as easily nameable as leader of the "other" side—

Clearly 2006 Congressional elections will decide alot—retire Bush's power & his will rusts—

This isn't ever going to end—it's been going on always

What else possible?

I wish

July 23, 2005
Dick's Drive-In
Seattle, Washington

Weightless

The wall of beggars longer every night,
nearer the ~~[illegible]~~ sleep of merchants & preachers,
where heat & bread kept & counted, longer
every night, jungles flare, canyon rivers shout,
longer every night, books of belief prophesy
from the distance of tangled worlds, longer
every night, those whose dreams bite &
bite again, longer every night, soldiers
watch through cracks & speak low, the
wall of beggars longer every night,
more lose a mother, a heart, a shop,
a job, longer every night, the kids
thickens, his wall & smiles from ever
more afar, longer every night, feel
it, nearer you, eyes you cannot avoid,
dry mouths, hands clutching for the
same air you share, but is there enough?
Call it song but what do the days
call for? Lose in the pretty & call you
that a God? The wall of beggars longer
every night, low heads mask childish
memories of sky, space, small kindnesses
by big strangers, longer every night & when
the wheels comes it will ~~be~~ those who
sided coin against heart, iron against
wood, army against soul, ~~[illegible]~~ you will be
buried, forgotten, lost, mounds of brittled bones.

August 6, 2005
Coffee Time Coffeehouse
Portland, Oregon

[moved to my armchair]

-I waited a long time to return to this seat, & even now I don't know why it matters so much but there are touchstone places, no doubt, this more than all the rest of Portland one of them I'm happy to be here, so thoroughly happy

Expedia hurt me & I ~~left~~ let them I've no doubt of that - I took their money & their lashes, & finally they flicked me away - now, I sit here free of them & jobless - I sit here furious with hurt & not quite knowing how to sail newly, & rightly, how to sort this all out -

I don't know, but to once again be a persistence bitch, freak hard til another break, they come even as every time seem impossible.

[History

Fragrance of want in a night
wracked & blue, what hardly smolders
secret, flesh's godly cry for taking,
what blows countless by raw second & century.]

August 28, 2005
Burning Man Arts Festival
Black Rock City, Nevada

near our tent – a bench

Home is remain when
thoughts cease.
The city. The woman.
The stars. ~~Cease~~ Ceaseless music.)

* * * * * *

October 30, 2005
Starbucks at Park Place
Kirkland, Washington

– I'm ready to be done w/this, returned my library books, gonna retriere my framed photo of me & KD, read my Lucy mag for comfort
two months & it ends without any noise – just over. jobless. next.
New month, new job needed
Ready to have at it.
Fuck you all.
Help me Universe

Edited by Raymond Soulard Jr.

Assistant Editor: Kassandra Kramer

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Seattle, Washington

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Thank you to. . .Expedia.com for offering me a job...later taking it away, but it got me & KD to Burning Man 2005 so thank you anyway...to WDS Global for two months of work & the confidence to put tech writer/editor on my resume...to our new friend Chuck met at Burning Man for sharing your funny, good, righteous company...& most thanks of all to my partner in Art & life, Kassandra, who keeps me on the ground, looking around, up & down, all around, full of wonder & awe...ready for more, skies, stars, & so on, beloved :)

Raymond Soulard, Jr.

New Period

(continued)

"I add, almost to myself, 'You look at where you're going and where you are and it never makes any sense, but then you look back at where you've been and a pattern seems to emerge. And if you project forward from that pattern, then sometimes you can come up with something."

—Robert Pirsig, *Zen & the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, 1974.

Nobody needs to go anywhere else. We are, if we only knew it, already there. Secret joy amongst these times, blaring swoop of merry feathers, shadows tickling a dour brick wall.

What we learn is never what we pictured, or imagined, and so we begin to be afraid. Secret woe amongst these times, endless echoes of emptiness, humid beds, dream vermin & locked doors.

You look at where you're going, see, and where you are, now, and it never makes sense, secret abyss amongst these times, smile & say "I'm sorry," but then you look back, pining, forests, herds, remorse in pink lipstick & soft tawny curls, and a pattern seems to emerge, wide awake in the land of dream vermin & locked doors. And if you project forward, to nights of peyote & cherry vanilla, project forward from that pattern, then sometimes you can come up with something, drummers with soft hands, long hair, no masters, you can come up with something, lust scratching at old hopes incessantly, come up with something, a young mate sweeter than cherry vanilla, one for me too OK John?, come up with something, skinless moments watching faces getting ever more colorful & perfect, unable to handle the lightest floating of sadness, no, come with me, we're going home—

Come with me, we're going home—can we finally go home?—finally?—where is that ancient homing instinct which once protected us in pathless forests, through miles & miles of trackless terrain? How to be like the eels returning to the Sargasso Sea, the green turtles who swim thousands from Brazil to Ascension Island, the blackcap birds who use the stars as their map, the quick salmon who sniff & know, the ants & bees who see their origins in the day's great eye—how? how? Can we finally go home?—finally?

Or maybe home just a magic twinkle, a miraculous kiss of place & moment, soul & setting, maybe home more a memory, memory a kind of blueprint, showing how to find it, or build it, or realize it, but *not how to make it stay*—home a face, a wing, a speech, a crowd of narrative colors, a series of dream years apart, a continual vanishing, a continuous arriving—

home as evolution, home as wisdom, home set atop intuition, home pursued by deeply-smitten Dream, home a cup of spring water, home a necessary sacrifice, home invisibly lining our thoughts, twined with our utterances, the secret shiny sparkles on the skin of our dissatisfactions—home a song, now how can that be? It can.

Home, for one, on a speeding train, through cool night air, his pen rolling along, his destination there, but home now, speeding along, because pen, because paper, because the sun is useful even at night to show the way, because the stars are cold but loyal friends,

because pen rolling along, paper filling, another birthday ticking nearer, a delighted female voice laughs & chats, the destination is coming, pulling into it soon, time to leave this brief sparkle, stumble, faith, toward the next—

Ready for the morrow, a friend smiled & said, "The best is yet to come," & no reason what this can't be true, so ready for the morrow—

but meanwhile bursting like the full moon with something near ready for the telling, again it is about the morrow, high notes, breezes sweetened by peyote & cherry vanilla—

But not yet, this brightly new fluttering morrow, not yet, tonight a slow inhale, maybe days long, tonight distorted with bass-note concerns, tonight the heart is a means for the careless, for the pernicious, a means for souls whose ends are stumped, mundane—

Still, secret joy amongst these times, this hasn't changed, one young fellow laughs after the show & recalls another night when two hits of E were necessarily followed by a couple of gelcaps, check 25, dosed, crazy in the balcony as the band warmed into its cosmic intentions—

Secret joy amongst these times, ignore all rumors to the contrary!

And he just wrote:

> "One vessel, two vessels, many vessels, none
> at all. Colors liberate us from colors,
> or colors can deceive us with more & more colors,
> ours is to decide, low notes, high notes, many
> notes, silence. Belief in the visible, faith in the
> invisible, love the end of ignorance, love the
> beginning of understanding. Numbers above & below
> the line, numbers straining beyond numbers,
> a kissed nipple the beginning of confession, a
> dream-passage that will not end.
>
> "How far do the many realities sink, how
> high do they reach? Questions, tainted with waiting
> & patience, questions stunted by safety. True danger
> is faith in anything or anyone, belief in a
> beginning, or an end to come. True danger
> is flesh to flesh, if only through air, through
> music. True danger begins upon closing
> one's eyes, upon opening them too. The colors,
> anxious, begin to pool, to release sounds,
> a vessel, now, in the gloom, two, many, none at all."

And he stops. Joy not in the emptying but in the spasm itself. Joy in the seeming friendliness of all creation, the reassurance that sun shines on all, moon prophesies to all, persons may walk freely among trees, trees are willing to share the wind, hard truths are subject to fracture as much as ideals & hope, a smile may be for you or me but, in essence, is for all present—

In the night there is reminder of things greater & small. The beast will appear to the least delighted or delightful soul. In the night what is not necessary is not visible. The lessons are infinite & span the hours. Come day, most adjust their manacles & mirrors & prepare for meals & machinations. Come day, something wet & dark recedes with a smile. Come

day, moon set, stars shrouded, clouds ticking in lockstep, yet somewhere a soul wakes up laughing & won't cease, somewhere a hand knows, finally what it has been reaching for, somewhere the drummers play to the passing dawn in salute, prayer, colors liberating them from colors, ours to decide, low notes, high notes, many notes, silence—

"Congratulations, Son."

Months ago it was.

"Would you like a pint?"

But listen: it taught me something.

"Is he OK, Rebby?"

"He's fine. He's already there. We should be trying to catch up."

I look through the already-hurrying-away night toward Rebecca's blessed blue eyes beyond full moon & recurring despair—listen, Rebecca! can you hear me?

I'm trippedout in the lingering Cambridge—I'm trippedout watching shaking hands raise to mouth a orange yellow banana—but that was earlier—childly cheeks bent toward chessplayers & that whole metallic cosmology—I've never understood it—watching awhile, tripped out, the ambulance's juggling lights—come on! what's more? What's beyond? something here & now—Rebecca, I love you from this far away while he sits next to you scribbling & you love him & Mr. Bob the barman is concerned & near—*his* tribe, thinks he, no matter its, ah, esoteric particulars—Rebecca, I am surely going to marry you wild all over these pages—

Rebecca, I dreamed the other night the cops led me up the hill to my apartment & I feared they'd bust me for LSD-harboring-worshipping-loving-writing-etc'ing—but no they turned my place upside down looking for signs of bad intentions—seems acid per se wasn't what they feared or sought—

Rebecca, I love the shadowy Cambridge Common—its weed-smokers & whiskey-sippers—I see some even now not far away—buses on wires roll by—neon Sheraton Commander sign trying to tell me something—trying but I just don't know—

On the verge of a rant here a continent wide—the many brothers & sisters out there

"Stop him! Hey lady! Stop it, OK? Look we just wanna watch hockey on TV like a normal bar, & yell & shout, OK? He's gonna get so into this that it will be midnight before he's done!"

Rebecca smiles slightly & looks at Mr. Bob. "They really have no say—" he begins, then softens. "But they haven't quit on us yet. What do you think?"

Rebecca smiles more & nods. The TV again shows two muscular bodies in skates & costumery wailing fists & masks right down to the ice.

A cheer goes up. Mr. Bob serves a free round to every drinker at the bar.

Kin is kin is kin.

She whispers in his ear loud enough for me to hear way across to where me & the old bench are parked: "Just write for me for awhile. We'll take the place over again later."

Then she growls, even lower, "I'm going to tire you out tonight, old man."

So I write to her in a private whisper the following:

Later, there was a decent after-hours party attended by many of the poets who'd sat in back of the Six Gallery, doubting the whole event, this hairy group gonna start a firey revolution? With their rude Sartre tattoos & playing bopheroin Buddha 45s on the RCA

Victor?

This party began in a loft top floor of an abandoned building Tenderloin where the bones are still soft & crunch musically, but then it gradually climbed to the rooftop with its festive view of the universe

& someone led a bunch of them in singing "The Queer Zodiac" a star-counting & vodka game that always got a laugh

eventually the night sobered most & they settled in a clumpy buzz near the back of the roof & a needle & vase of rain-water was passed round as various faces spoke:

JoJo Rumi, a laughing speedfreak spoke first. "Good & evil, dead & alive, everything blooms from one natural stem."

"Ah, blow it out your barracks bag, JoJo!"

"Listen to him JoJo the talking gimp! Tell you fortune, tell your whole family's future, for a suck on your banana!"

JoJo adjusts his longer leg beneath his shorter one, obviously hurt, bearded & scarred, no longer ready for a fight at any point. "This is how it always is when I finish a poem. A great silence overcomes me, and I wonder why I ever thought to use language."

"What poem,JoJo? You haven't written anything since Truman was FDR's lapdog!"

"Yah, JoJo! What happened to your epic? The Fuck-Me-Ad!"

"You guys" JoJo whimpers. But he quickly backs down. "Blessed Be" he whispers.

Lalla-Debby-Lalla bears an old & dilapidated breast & whines Brooklynese: "Absorbed in the infinite, my mind dissolved. Where now have the earth & sky gone?"

"Lalla-slut-Lalla! Lalla-slut-Lalla!" The simple song carries on for several minutes as the scorned breast finds its way back behind covering. "Showed Daddy & the boys her tight little ass! Showed Christ & the boys her tight-lipped little number! Now she flaps like every UN flag in a high high breeze!"

Well someone has to say something kind before the night is a complete fuck.

Lizzy Mirabai speaks up. Softly. "O my Beloved—Return." Who can say what to this? He's gone: we all know that. Some say there'll be a million more like him by the end of the '50s.

The mood has shifted. JoJo is generally licked & rubbed, we all become his sleepy, sexy cat & he giggles madly to show his returned happiness.

Lalla, too, we give give her what she likes the most, we coo, we laugh, we ask her to tell the story again & again—

"Hey lady what happened to the hockey game!"

"You promised us!"

Rebecca shakes him a little to remind me, crossing Longfellow Bridge swaying train, & I stare darkly at the empty seat across the aisle—

"Thanks, lady. We don' mean to be no trouble."

Now Blake has the floor. Big Bad Blake, always hitchhiking down the coast to Cal Tech comes back with tales of robots & automation.

He holds up a pebble which kind of cover the roof. Assumes that prissy poesy KeatsShelleyByron voice he thinks scores him the best chicks no matter his healthy beerbelly & streaming stray strands of golden hair flowing from an essentially bald head. Sez: "To see a world in a grain of sand, and Heaven in a wildflower, hold Infinity in the palm of your hand, and Eternity in an hour." We've all heard this one before—it's one of his best pickup lines. I saw him pick up twins with it once, alternating hangdog with Adonis in his delivery. That was at Vesuvio's—what a hole that is since *that* lowbrow bookstore moved in across the alley.

"Hey, Blakey boy, didn't you get married?"

He sighs magnificently. "Only to the Widow Mescalita."

"Ahh balls! Balls I say" cries the negro Leonard Yeats. "The hell with the whole crew of ya! What do you know anyway?"

"What's wrong, darkie? Cotton too heavy for you cuz it rained today?"

Yeats sways near the roof's edge. Will he . . . will he . . . yes, of course, he steps off the edge & then dazzles us with his newest grand conception; naked as always when not restrained, cock swinging & dripping in the uncommitted air out there, he booms out: "O body swayed to music, O brightening glance! How can we know the dancer from the dance!" He cackles mysteriously while we consider his words.

"Not bad, Lenny."

"Yah, keep at it. You'll be good as Ferlinghetti soon!"

Everyone gets a good laugh at this. Reminds us of that hairy beatnik party tonight.

So of course Rabbi Suarez Rilke shows up right then. "Oh dear dear" he moans sadly. Lenny Yeats returns to the roof. Rilke scares him. Something happened between them when they were on that softball team.

"Children, my children. What is all this? Do you think Godd is not watching tonight? Maybe he has the night off?"

We mumble some that collectively sounds like regret. Rabbi Rilke carries some respect amongst us. He's generous with the bail money.

His cowboy hat dips low on his head. He holds a torn envelope close enough for all of us to see.

"I found this in the temple tonight. Look, see! Hundreds of dollars inside with no explanation of its source or destination." He swears violently in some kind of Yiddish-Swahili hybrid, then resumes. "And its account of itself. Look, see! A message crayoned on its back side."

"That's lipstick, Rabbi" mumbles Lalla.

"Lalla-slut-lalla!" Yeats perks up but the rest of us shut him down quickly.

"And what does it say? Look, see! 'LSD = God = You!' What's this mean? Do any of you children know the reference?" He peers around at us, sincerely.

I happen to glance at Lenny & see that he knows something. His fat negroid lips are puckering quickly, dryly. He's trying to behave. He & that Blake character hang around a lot together.

"Well, I didn't think so. Seems apocryphal to me. Still, I'll check the reference." He makes to leave & none of us say anything.

Then he stops. Here it comes. "Children, I have a little food for thought, as they say, for all of you."

Here it comes. Someone called them 'Hookah Homilies' but never to the Rabbi's face.

"Look, I am living. On what? Neither childhood nor future grows any smaller . . . Superabundant being wells up in my heart."

Lenny can't hold it back anymore. "Why, preacher, that's . . . just . . . hookah-rific!"

Well, that's that. Rilke owns the building & we've blown it. We're all getting ready to leave when who dares to show his sloppy beatnik face but Al Ginsberg! He's grinning.

Blake bows low before him. "That was quite a yelp tonight."

Al grins, oblivious. "Howl."

"Howl? Yowl? All I can say is that I greet you at the beginning of a long psychosis."

Al keeps grinning. He just doesn't care. "I am Heaven balanced on a blade of grass!" He cries. "I am going to visit Wales, Kyoto, Tokyo, Scranton!"

We all scatter quickly after that.

I look up to find Rebecca snuggling next to me on the cemetery hill. "Full moon" she purrs as though that explains why her hands are loosing my jeans.

"A cop came up to me on Carnal Street. I was writing this thing sitting on the 60s Rock."

She's listening, sort of. Listening & licking both.

"He asks me what I'm doing, where I live, if I'm OK. I assure him with my name &, ah, ah, ah, intent."

She's too damned good at sucking me slowly but greedily for me to go on.

The cop speculated that Carnal Street was inspirational. He didn't call it that of course.

Rebecca sucks my cock dry but releases it slowly like always. Always hoping there's a little more, I guess.

The AmanteTamarack leers down at us. Above that, the full moon glows wedding day good wishes.

Oh yes.

Deny nothing. Affirm everything. Tired bodies huddle closer in beds. A van is loaded full of broken bodies, eager voice calling out. A set of roughened eyes ask for a cup of water.

I watch. I affirm. I refuse to deny. My pen waits, like a lucky, humble dog, & eventually I come back.

High & peaceful & blessed.

Acceptance. Forgiveness. Love.

Love innocently, selflessly, blissfully. Moments, our children, we theirs, all giving, all suckling.

Often the gift offered is rudely constructed, in the murky dawn of fluttering new hope.

Be Here Now. Be Here Now.

"Listen!"

"What?"

"Listen"

"OK." silence. "Birds?"

"Deeper."

Silence.

"Traffic?"

A slow musical kiss. Release. "Now. Wife. Listen."

"A bike just went by."

"Yes."

"More?"

"Yes."

She adjusts in her place. Her pinkened flesh is my wealth. Her ascending spirit is my scripture.

"There are lights. It's cool. There are a lot of trees."

She is easy to lift. She straddles chest naturally, & happily. Eyes still closed, readying.

"I see you! On that bench. You're writing these words. Wait. There! I talk & you write. That's neat."

She leans closer. Her dark blue eyes open now. "I see you in both places now. You're

alone, sitting on a bench in the Boston Common, & you're here with me."
"Closer. My turn, beautiful."

& here you are with me, next to me on this bench. Leather & jeans. Artpad. Hand & pencil, now three spring trees, middle one further away, glimpses of gaslit lamps, shift, new page, a quiet old fountain & its half-nude godds & goddesses, shift, new page & an old New England church white spired framed by spring trees near & nearer

Affirm everything. Deny nothing. A readying at Luna T's Cafe as the doors close to the outside. So this is the day. No sun yet.

It was going to be last night, after midnight, my favorite time but then I thought about how the old renegade sacred days began. Not after midnight; before dawn. Deciding to steal a day from those who did not cherish me.
"We'll begin at 5," I announce to worlds & times.

Rich & Franny stayed at Luna T's even as Rebecca & I came back to Harvest Street.
Rebecca shakes up the gallon of orange juice after I have added a fair quantity of LSD-25. A second gallon. A third.

It's time. Radical self-expression. No spectators.
A bonfire? Of course.
Many marriages.
Beyond marriages.

"Ray, get your train home to ZombieTown now!"
"OK, Missus."

Many boys & girls, brides & grooms, earth & sky, water & dreams, buzzings & trees, colors & high notes, low notes, always a note, never a note
Who will come to the Eternal Acid weddings? Who will be married there? Are you there too, any pair of eyes happening across this page? Will you trip too, & be married with the rest of us?
How sweet the possibility of maybe-eyes upon this page, maybe you, read just a little more and . . . there, those ellipses just dosed you! How happy! So surely you will be married with the rest of us.

The doors shut. The train creaks forward. The ride's begun.
Affirm everything. Deny nothing.
Love like sunshine, nothing to learn, there for all. Love like clean air, cold water, fruit.
Sleep to renew the soul.
Natural harmony.

Deny nothing. Affirm everything. Scenes from the psychedelic revolution. Nighttimes stroll by arm in arm, free from financial futures & a lack of magic shards.
The dream continues. The drums increase in number & volume.
I am not tripping. I am clean-shaven. I've eaten & slept recently.
I want a pretty hand to hold.
I need a fucking job.

A clock told me that I have little over 1,222,000 seconds left to live. Probably. It was a disembodied clock.

I neared her again, in a dream. We neared, touched, smiled. Love. Awaken.

My shoes are held together by duct tape but my intention is nonetheless exalted. Watch a three piece suit man yawn without covering his mouth, watch Victoria Secret toss a candy wrapper in the grass.

Looking through a glass onion. Life is there for the weeping, the chewing, praise & damnation. Then the piano jumps up on stage. Life goes on.

From nowhere to here. From here to nowhere. Orgasms dissipate. LSD releases, slowly.

Yah, right.

Life goes on.

Today taught me again that I trudge through swamps of black fear. Today taught me again that I understand noone & nothing.

But I guess it's over. Some more seconds tick away.

Explain it to me. I'll write it all down, word for word. I am not tripping. I want a pretty hand to hold. I need a fucking job. Life goes on.

"And now Rocky Raccoon
He fell back in his room
Only to find Gideon's Bible"

I heard as I walked into the house with no front, deep in the northern California woods in early December 1968. A "War is Over" Xmas Party. I was carrying a fishing rod I'd found along Rt. 1 while hitchhiking. That was the morning of the party. The night before I'd found a dead skunk curled up in the grassy weeds along a smaller road.

I hadn't tripped in 16 days. I had enough in my canvas bag to turn on a large commune & the larger White house to boot. But no, there'd stopped being reasons to dose at that point.

"Noone will be watching us
Why don't we do it in the road?"

I didn't know anybody at the party, at least initially. The music kept me around, in truth. I knew it was The Beatles. Nobody understands anymore what they meant to us back then, or later.

Ronald Reagan was elected President in November 1980 & John Lennon was shot dead less than a month later.

They meant everything. There were no rival bands. I saw a show that talked about Byrds & Stones & Beach Boys.

I'm not a Christian but I can only put it this way: The Beatles were bigger than Christ & all those other bands simply wanted to be one of the Apostles.

The 1960s was killed, finally, for good, for awhile, in December 1980, & it went underground for more than a decade & now it's come back as the religion it couldn't be

until Christ was permanently hobbled.

The Cute One. The Smart One. The Quiet One. & Ringo.

It's all coming back. Don't you think we knew that when Christ resurrected & spoke again?

"You said it's your birthday
well it's my birthday too yah"

which just about freaked me out for good because it was my birthday too. Yah. & I was carrying this fishing pole & my bag full of acid & poetry books & I'd snipped a little tuft of that dead skunk's tail & hooked it to my jacket when I met a naked man whom I gave the fishing pole.

"Thank you" he agreed.

"I'm 19 today"

"So am I."

"If I aint dead already
Girl, you know the reason why"

A taxi brought more people to the frontless house. I sat alone with my fishing pole & bag for awhile. The music was upsetting me. When the first record was over, with the song "Julia," I was relieved. But "Yer Birthday" had kicked in, I'd heard the click of the second LP dropping into place, I was near the stereo & I realized I had to listen to another whole record. They'd never done a double LP before.

"Sing a lazy song
beneath the sun"

& I finally asked someone what the record's name was & he said "Nothing really. Or maybe it's 'The Beatles.' Or the White Pair."

"The deeper you go
The higher you fly"

I'd heard Lennon was doing heroin instead of acid. I hoped it wasn't true. Acid McCartney & Smack Lennon sounded doubtful.

I went outside & kept walking til even the huge speakers were dim. "You made a fool of everyone" was the last I heard. I didn't hear what I'd missed for a long time.

There was a circular clearing among the huge redwoods. A big fire.

I'd forgotten my fishing rod. It didn't matter. I had my bag. I wasn't going back to the house. The acid vibrations back there were too much for me. Spells. Incantations. Pictures painted in virgin's blood.

It's like that fuckup Bob back in Stinson Beach put it "you can't put magic above love."

He wasn't so bad.

I entered the circle.

Noone said anything to me at first but someone offered me a pipe. They noticed my fishing rod but we were out in the woods so having one wasn't ridiculous.

There were quite a few people there actually. A dozen. Twenty. I'm not sure. But

people were quiet. We'd all probably come to get a break from the party. We watched the fire. It was pretty big. The sparks rose up toward the stars. This was good for me. I relaxed. That pipe of grass has helped me some.

Sometime later a dude with long curly blonde hair began strumming. Not really songs. He was playing to the moment. People did that a lot back then. It was the acid partially. Bands figured out that a tripping audience is so here & now in the forever way that they were listening in a peculiar way. They didn't listen to anything that didn't talk about now. I talked to a lot of musicians back then. It's why the music went like it did for awhile.

Anyway, some girls were dancing. I don't see girls dance like that, back then. Free. Proud. Hopeful. Ready. Satisfied.

And some drums started up. They always were. Every city you went to, any day or night, there'd be drums going somewhere. We got used to it. Drums were really important to us.

Somebody started talking about the Uranus Brotherhood. It made sense at the time.

"No, it's not like that. They say that we're evolving from men to godds just like we've already evolved from animals."

"Animals aren't less than us! They don't fight stupid wars."

"No, see we start out as animals and we end up as godds. Humans are partway there. We are all part of the same thing."

He got quiet then. He started up again in awhile. But the drums had gotten good.

The night got sad. I think a lot of people around that fire realized that something good was nearly over. Acknowledged it. It wasn't going to be like it was. How do I tell this?

For awhile, maybe a couple of years, we floated. I mean a lot of us. We were gaining more people than we were losing. We were important & we were *convinced* we'd do the right thing. Stopping the War was just the start.

It's like America was a river running upstream. Instead of us assimilating into our parents' values, they were trying to deal with ours. When they marched with us, when we got high together. Anything. All that 'trust nobody over 30' shit was media hype. The media wanted blood not flowers & they didn't see that a society based on psychedelic values, free love, no money, all that hippie stuff, communes, would be *far more* interesting. They couldn't handle it.

But for awhile there we had the upper hand.

Sitting around that fire, though, a lot of us consciously acknowledged what was already lost.

& it wouldn't be worth telling about at all except that when the moon rose over that clearing in the woods, we decided to forget. Fuck it. We lost. Lost what? Here's the woods. There's the moon. The drummers are getting crazy again. Those girls should be dancing.

At some point some pills went around, and some joints. We built the fire up & up so most of us shed our clothes. I ended up with a girl named Mandy who read my palm & told me I would be making a big decision soon that would affect my whole life. She had a sleeping bag, a big one. She had a friend too whose name I can't remember. We messed around but mostly we laughed a lot. Sex isn't so desperate when you are free & everyone else is too. Most people nowadays treat it like money, invest wisely & carefully. *Fuck that shit.*

The last thing I remember except for the laughter was the dude nagging on about the Uranus Society.

"You think we're from Earth. No way, man! We're not even from Uranus. That's just a way-station. They seeded the Earth with us & they'll come get us when we're ready.

"It's like, not every generation—no—let me put it this way—when enough of us are ready, we'll go. They'll come & get the ones who are ready & the rest will get a choice to come or not. But like if you stay behind, that's it. The ones that stay back will be on their own.

"So that's what's coming, man. You all think acid is so great but it's *nothing* really, not compared to what these alien cats have.

"But I can't tell you how to join the Uranus Brotherhood Society. There's no clubhouse or anything. But you'll hear about it & you probably wouldn't even have noticed before I told you all this. But you'll hear something sometime. & that will be what you get. It will be your signal. I'm telling you now: *take it*. Go for it."

Luna T's Cafe won't be open to the public today. Mr. Bob's told the regulars who aren't part of Americus's inner circle.

"There's gonna be a marriage. They want to keep it private." That was sufficient. Bunch of them even bought a card says Congrats Good Luck Hope You Have a Real Good Fuck. How sweet.

Rebecca & I are up at about 4 a.m. I'm no early riser anymore but she's puppy-bright & ready.

"5 a.m. was my stupid idea, wasn't it?"

She laughs & tickles me.

We step outside into something preliminary, something ticktockless. I want to show her the beginnings of her world.

It begins pushing a shopping cart filled with newspapers down a suburban street at dawn. It's cold so I'm wearing two sweaters under a heavy winter jacket, boots, thick gloves, black knit cap. Thermal underwear under ragged blue jeans. Rebecca's wearing her black leather jacket & jeans & sneakers. She looks delicious.

"I'm older than you."

"This is 1981. You're 1, not even. I'm 17."

"No, I'm 18 in 1999. But you're 17. Who's jailbait now?"

She's right. I'm stringbean 17. Narrow face. Beanpole.

"You're cute. But . . . you're a little young for me."

I stop the cart. "Rebecca, look at me. I'm you!"

She shakes her head. "No, you're not."

Well, this isn't helping so I push the cart again. Rebecca is so pleased with herself I threaten to take on my full 35 years again. That hushes her noise.

"But can't you talk like when you were 17 too? Pretend I'm your girlfriend? Like we go to the same school & you invited me to go with you on your paper route?"

She's sincere this time but I can see she doesn't get it.

"I'll show you my paper route another time" I say & now we're on a Connecticut Transit bus running from New Britain to Hartford via the iniquitous ville where then I dwelt.

Rebecca's disappointed, a little mad at me, a little mad at herself. I motion to her lap, the drawing pad there. I point to my own notebook & pen.

"Oh." She bucks up. She likes when we do art together.

This is better. Crowded morning bus I took to escape my enemies & loved ones alike.

A local bus many stops & side-streets. Me & my blue *Hartford Courant* canvas bag of books & notebooks, bag closed by a drawstring.

Pulling into a city called Hartford you will find to be a different place nowadays. I remembered a digital bank clock the bus would pass just before turning onto Central Row & its final stop. Looking at that clock I'd estimate how far into the schoolday my high school was. Not me, of course. I was in for a day of fast food, library books, street people, LPs, parks, & writing. I would stay til late afternoon when I'd have to get home to waiting kin.

"I became an artist on these trips, Rebs." She nods. Her mood has sobered some; this is my first wedding gift to her.

"When I came here it was to shuck off for awhile the role of son, brother, student, friend, outcast. It was to confront the world as best I could from the very edges of my life. I was alone. I had to make it."

We get off at Central Row, & I take her hand. Reb's changed her look some, more thriftstore, & she's got a blackknit cap like mine on her darkbrown hair. She looks gorgeous.

"I want to look like you," she says resentfully. "You're letting us be equals right now."

"We're always equals, Reb."

"No, not this way."

I don't know what she means but decide to drop it. I suppose she's right in a way.

We sit on a bench along a row of them, our backs to the Old State House lawn, facing a street that no longer exists & across the street a block of buildings—stores, post office, offices—that are also long gone.

I kiss Rebecca to make her feel better. Me too. "You still kiss good," she whispers. Lost in her I forget myself.

"I'm glad you're here. We'll get better at this as we go along."

"I know we will. We always get good at stuff slowly."

We regard each other. I think about how much I wish I had met her back then, as she sits before me now.

"I'm who I am because of all this, Reb. Most of it's gone. Nobody's really mourning it but me."

"My dad does."

I laugh. "That's true. We have that in common still."

Suddenly it's not 1981 anymore & Hartford-much-gone, no it's Cambridge 1999, May 21, & I'm 35 & Rebecca's as 18 & with me as possible.

She looks at me mildly, waiting. Harvard Square, Au Bon Pain cafe, courtyard, my favorite round black metal table.

"We had to be here for a little while," I explain, weakly.

"It's OK."

I see you from shadows & secrets & afar & I hear how many drums have begun when but a single glance between us, I watch the many nightlamps bend toward you, gesture toward you, collaboration with stars & spring trees, I am watching you til language, til mysticism, til cosmos, til Godd, how you glow, can your Beauty be had with a good enough wish? Why are you alone? What are you watching? My wish to possess your whispering, laughing nakedness, & then to begin—

Do you feel taken again & again as I do not approach you, as my seedbone does not press you—only when we've been wet & hoarse together can we begin to begin

Arch your back. Wrap your thighs around my neck. I won't stay a thousand years or even an extra night or at all

This is about praising the Universe for a particular woman's youth & roundness. This is about love thrown in burning bundles down a depthless well.

Girl, do you like satin or cotton? What if I promised you triple orgasms & answered prayers? I wish you were a tree I could rub against right now. I wish you were a pocket-sized sun I could shove down my pants to burn my balls off & delight my quiet cock.

Have you ever been filled to your fullest? Have you ever been happy enough to say more thank you stop harder I love you faster keep me use me fuck me love me I want to be your vessel I want to be your answered prayer I want you to be unable to see me any way but naked & wet & ready & laughing

preen, baby. preen while you've got it. it dissipates as you stop paying attention.

your lips painted with blood. your breast spayed with flowers. your smile leaps up as a dome-topped companion joins you.

when your pretty do fade, what will you have left?

"Ray!"
"Oh. Sorry, Reb."
"I'd be jealous if you could actually like one of those pretty girls you look at."
"I like *you*."
"That's because I talk to you."
"Other reasons, too!"

We're back in Hartford 1981, walking from our bench toward Main Street toward blocks of buildings mostly all gone. I want her to visit with me all these forgotten places I knew.

We're sitting at a department store breakfast counter. Newbury's. Inexpensive plastic. Metal baskets of 4 for $1.00. I can still see it. Somewhat.

The customers are old, 50s & up. Drink lots of coffee. Read the *NY Post* & *Daily Racing Form*. Discuss the lottery. Voices mumblish with saliva but not a one of them doesn't have a strong view, & a barrel of memories. It's cold they dress thickly. Overcoats, mufflers, old-timey hats. More coffee. Social Security checks. President Reagan. Illness. Memories. Stories. Lotta toast & coffee. TV news.

Here we are amongst them. In her knit hat & heavy coat, Rebecca looks about 12. Big darkblue eyes. Free smile.

"Thanks," she smirks. "What are you going to do with me when I turn 21? Turn me in?"

"Never. You're *my* piece. I'm yours," I declare, quietly. The old folks see a couple of teenagers, not in school on a weekday & it ain't summer or Xmas vacation neither.

I let Rebecca know that we'd do well to order much. Eggs, milk, toast, sausage. Two "great morning" specials. The waitress is already tired, too much weight on worndown legs. She smiles back at Rebecca though. Me she suspects to be a corruptor type. I accept this. It's truer than most once-over assessments I get.

Rebecca smiles at me now. "I'm glad we're here. I'm glad you brought me."

"I'm thinking about your dream belly," I breathe. My hand corrupts within her jacket, briefly forages skin. Reb doesn't flinch.

"Dream belly. What would it do with my dream seed?" I slowly withdraw my hand, which Rebecca scoops up & briefly kisses. "I hope we find out," she says.

"Dream belly. Better than the rest." I nearly grin.

"Dream seed. I can't get enough." Now we're both laughing like the two renegade teenagers we appear to be. We get a series of looks but ah, what the hell, who didn't play hooky once in awhile when they was a kid? They look OK. They'll feel better when they dig into all that food they got. She's a pretty one, sure thing. He looks a little scruffy to be with the likes of her but what you gonna do? The pretty ones always seem to go for your Elvis types. James Dean. That sort. She'll learn.

Our food arrives. We're still giggling some.

Dream belly. Dream seed. If ever I meet the girl in my own world who like Rebecca makes me think about these things, well, then, I guess I'll have two wives.

Where now, soul? Sitting with dream true love inside a memory, dream inside a memory within a story, of sorts, Ciccone laughs when I call this a story, thinks it's just too much to be called a story, oh maybe he's right.

"Maybe he's right."

Rebecca smiles at me. I think: realize: she smiles at me all the time save for when I cause her not to.

"You like smiling at me."

"I like you naturally. My smile likes you too."

"You remind me of a cat I met once who acted like a dog. She didn't know how to demur, manipulate. I liked her a lot."

"I'm a dog-cat?"

"Sort of. You're smiling again."

"I know. Where do we go next?"

"Rebecca, all of this is gone. This memory is nearly 20 years old. We could stay here a long time."

"That's OK. Maybe I'll take you to the Arcadia Bookstore sometime. I miss that like you miss this."

"Yes."

We walk outside & it's Morning in America. *Wall Street Journal*s & homeless people fill the streets. Cocaine vendors on every corner.

"Where would you go next?"

"The library."

"Well, that's still around at least."

"Not the phonograph booths & the periodicals room. & the card catalogues."

Rebecca stops. She looks at me neither smiling nor not. "Ray, I like this. I know you're doing this to help us. Help me to know you & understand things you have a hard time talking about."

She steps closer to me, grasping my hands. "As your wife, tho, I think that this can get badly indulgent quickly."

"I wanted you to see what I miss. I wanted you to see my ghosts like I do."

"Maybe we can't do it all at once. Especially if you want to write it down too."

Back in Rebecca's bedroom, 1999. A minute resumes passing.

"What should we wear?"

"Hm?"

"Well, Franny & Rich are going to get dressed up."

"Oh."

DO NOT
ENTER

"Do you want to get dressed up too?"
"I don't know."
Smile slants & curves. "Or we could do it naked."
My bride wants to play but I don't. She's asked me a good question.
"& what vows?"
"Franny wants something traditional. I figured we could make up our own tho."
"Yes. That would be fine."
Now she's not smiling. "What's wrong? Are you upset?"
Before replying, I settle her in my lap & simply hug her for a long time. Then I kiss within her, past her curiosity, her fear, past her consciousness, into her dreams. I want to know what she wants. Has she ever dreamed of her marriage? I fly about, seeking her wishes.

For a long time, colors & music, no more, & I'm uncertain how to navigate, & as general awareness grows of my presence, a curiosity, & laughter, a playfulness, I'm disembodied or, rather, un-embodied, or, really re-un-embodied & I feel scattered among colors & notes & all is just fine for an endlessly stretched moment
But I want words & eventually gather the music nearest to language enough to fashion a message
"Rebecca, how do you want us to marry?"
Now & now, often & ever, yes & beyond yes, stay young with me, I'll make you, I'll find that elusiveness & quiet endless thirst that is young hunger & I'll make you hungrier & I'll chase you just how you like I'm learning how I know now that I've held your hand when you were young & like me
"Rebecca, how do you want us to marry?"
I never planned to, never thought I would, maybe a stray idea, a dream, but I never planned to, never thought I would, my canvas mattered more, boys seemed silly, & when I watched men watching me seemed something missing, I don't know, what are you looking for? Why? I said yes, yes! Yes! Yes, yes. Now & now & now. With laughter, with my friends, more & more, more & more

I return. There really isn't anything to find, root out, anything she isn't willing to tell, hasn't told me already. I ask her to stand up beside the bed & I sit before her, my hands on her hips, round, ready. She revolves with the motions of my hands.
Resting face against her middle. Dream belly.
"We're nearly there, Rebecca."
She leans into me, kissing, pressing. "We're not going to get dressed up, are we?"
"No. You knew that."
"Yes."
"We need to be what we are. Maybe more music & color. Maybe some words too."

I think. How to do this well. How to be sublime & supernova. Well, we should start by leaving here.
We dress in the usual leather & denim & head out into the murky dawn.
Marriage profound even, maybe especially in Art's sacred realm. For days really mulling of what's to come here. Impossible to find blunt ways & words to describe how I feel right now.

This consummation, this day, the coming set of vows, deeper in Art, further out into the realms of the Universe hardly comprehended by most.

In my 35 years I've known so many who too dwelled in these imaginal places. Enwrapt by the moving pulse of word, image, sound, but so many who stopped short of complete faith.

What would the priest say if he knew that I am marrying my muse? Could I convince him that nuns do no more or less than me when they marry Christ? Would he even be surprised?

What would the mathematician say? He too longed for marriage, for union, found his mate in less esoteric ways. Perhaps he'd wish me well.

And the longago Virgin? What would you say, dear? The hand I offer to Rebecca I once held out to you. Would you be happy for me?

And the tradition lover? You & I together broached some of these spaces, long ago. But, like others, convention, & fear, knocked you off the course, and you've been immobile & dazed for years now. Do I symbolize what you stopped chasing? Do I chase on yr behalf too?

There are others, important others, lost, dim but in occasional flaring memory.

There's necessity here. There's inevitability. Rebecca is a real girl to me but she's also bright with the aura of Merry Muse. And my private hopes imagine some girl in my own native world, some girl approaching me *now*, *tonight*, who is bright with the aura of Rebecca Dorothy Americus. This marriage anticipatory of another no more or less important & vital, no less a joy, no less a prayer answered.

Rebecca, my best self is walking cleaved to thee down Main Street Hartford bound for wedding vows & celebratory joy.

Rebecca, the uncapped youth in me is marrying you. Rebecca, together we will bloom no matter birthdates & different worlds. We will be entwined artists & heated babymakers. We will visit stars & mingle dreams. I'll write you into new worlds. You'll paint me doing this. We are a joining music. We are a blending note. We are passing from you & I through we to a new kind of you & I, neighbor trees in the universe of forest you painting my words me writing your colors, blending note til beyond note, beyond music, the melody of silence, we are becoming each other's contours, the ends to each other's means, Art made complete & set permanently ablaze

Rebecca is being dressed slowly on the bench we've chosen to be our marriage seat. My words are lingering near, licking, covering, her curves she is being sunshine'd & flower'd & shadow'd her hair long & shiny & clipped with a single flame

Rebecca there is a real but secret cavern in my heart that is clean, that belongs to you, that is being made as your bridal dress is being made. It is a room called Beginning & completely safe to be hopeful in. You are wife, mate, muse, artist, dream, fulfillment

You are the embodiment of my 17 year old self's dream. I looked for you. I watched & listened. There were female hands I studied, breasts I neared as I could.

You see that dream never left me. It recruited the airs & touch & words of countless girls & women, expanded, so large twas no longer a dream, no longer was it part of something else. It became the Art I do even as the Art I do became thee.

You are Art. You are Muse. Art is you. Art is Muse.

We three are one. We three are the flame twined into your long dark hair. We are the look you give me as I scribble madly to dress you vastly & well.

Stars. I cover you in stars that are laughter. Trees soft as your dress. Dreams of our child entwine your throat, circle your breasts, descend the length of your dream belly arrive

within your thighs & along the tips of each of your fingers & tint your lip with increased light & love

Rebecca is dressed in music & colors. She is my forever bride & this is our eternal wedding day. Art, here & now. Art, now & forever. Art, everywhere & always. Rebecca, my bride is ready. Rebecca, my muse, is ready to wed her Artist.

My pen ceases, for a moment, in splendid wonder.

How to dress my husband, artist, boy, clown, ready, I am his filled absence. Who is he for me?

My lost father who called me
Baby Becky Always Stay Small.
The father who planted me in
the mother he briefly loved before
they loudly agreed all they had
ever done together was a mistake

& where have they been the past 14 years? But, no matter, I don't think about them except that I allow noone to call me Becky & until Ray became my muse I never thought of marrying.

My true father Rich Americus who suckled me with remorse & Art. My true father who stands still in my heart's very center even as Ray now stands in my center's center. My true father who I will love & ever near & ever nearer ever nearer Daddy Dad

My friend Arnold Knickerbocker who challenges Godd for me as well tho I know the answer & wish he would listen to me no I suppose I am always what he lost, what he defends every day only he could be my wedding's preacher & I know he's going to cry!

My friend Mr. Bob who would kill for me, who watches me as I keep growing older & probably stranger but he is ready always my sky's permanent full moon

Jim Reality who loves a girl's round ass as much as music & getting high but I am his daughter too, like his third but not blonde like the others I think he knows I have a nice ass tho he'd never admit it—

And I guess Cecile Grey who secretly watched me from way back & I know he'd silently welcome me to his bed where he'd drink me like a pitcher of stout & make me laugh endlessly

There! Ray's dressed. His shirt flows rainbow ocean & his pants are tight enough for my involved satisfaction. But not yet done . . . who?

"The boys of your own world who won't ever get a piece of your action?" Ray says & he's right. Ray's shoes are made of their desires how they married me as long as their left hands kept tugging! His shoes are soft but durable like their longing, heeled hard as their efforts to undress me by force of will alone.

There. He's ready. He looks sheepish after reading what I wrote. He wants his pen back *right now.*

"You'll miss your family being here today."
"It's OK, Rich. We're pretty far away from Georgia."
"Yah."
"It's OK, Rich."

"You should have seen your mother's face when I showed up at her door looking for you."

"She's happy I'm OK. She's glad she met you."

"Franny . . ."

"Yes?"

"This . . . all, it's never really going to stabilize. Soulard's taken it too far. He doesn't know what next. He's relying on acid, dreams & hope."

"Then we have to try our best to keep him upright. He's not as crazy as you think."

"I've known him 18 years, Franny."

"I've shared his bed, dollchild."

Silence. Then: "What if we went back to Georgia after today? We could have a traditional ceremony down there."

"What's with you & tradition, Americus?"

"I want to get it right this time. I want us together for the long haul. You & me & all of us."

"All of us, Rich. My family too?"

"Of course! That's what I'm trying to say."

"Do you think Ray doesn't know I wish my family was here today?"

"No."

"I think he'll find a way."

Rich nods, almost smiling.

"I want to be who he remembers. This isn't about pride. He remembers me from just the few months we knew each other. I've never really been better than I was with him. That's what I want. OK?"

"OK."

"Is there anything else?"

"There will be others, Suzann."

"I figured that."

"& you won't be able to go back."

"Fine."

"Are you ready?"

"There will be canvases & paints there, right?"

"Yes. You're going to get it right this time."

"Thank you."

"He'll be with you soon."

"Let's get by the vows & get into the flesh circus, Americus. I want to get my piece of Torment's sweet ass!"

"Drop your stick & plug yr mouth with stout, Grey!"

"Rich, what is this all about? We're a band not a brothel."

"Stephanie, what's going to happen today is the musical all of you have been waiting for."

"You mean this mess is 'The Universe is Ting'd with Sadness'?! Where's the audience? Have you written any songs? I can't believe this!"

"Steph, calm down."

"No, Gretta. I won't! For 19 years I've seen this one crack apart more & more."

"Stephanie—"

"And what are you going to play, Ronnie? Can you play a whole damned musical

without one rehearsed note?"

"George is here, Steph."

Blonde whirls around to face mocha. "What are you here for? This psychosis is just amongst us kinfolk."

(Franny, I have to do something about this right now

I know, Rich. Save some for later, OK?

Always, wife. I love you forever.

I love you forever.)

The bar is empty. Rich Americus & Stephanie Tormé face each other. Rich hops over the bar, grabs a jug of Jack Daniels & smashes its body on the bartop. Holds a ragged piece. Is back over the bar & pressing Stephanie to the wall before she can react. Jagged piece against her throat. She grunts & he twists her arm behind her, shoving her through heavy swinging door into bandroom & onto stage. Shoves her to the ground.

A ripped piece of curtain stops her mouth. Her hands tied behind her head to a heavy speaker. She's stopped struggling.

Her clothes come off in a series of tears.

"Spread your fucking cunt."

She does. Not enough. He helps. She groans with pain.

He's still dressed. Holds his jagged piece of glass. "I should fuck you with this." She squeaks a whimper. Her courage is gone.

He sits by her side. Gently strokes her cheek. Hand descends to her breast, other hand still holding the glass.

Cups her breast, worries its nipple. It rouses, though his fingers find her dry between her thighs.

"It's always going to be like this," he says softly. His hand has become air, whisper, kiss. Does he think she hasn't been tied up like this before?

"What I have to decide is whether I want to take it any more."

Kisses her nipple hard, then the other, sucks each one hard & harder, & she gasps & chokes but holds on. What choice? He's going to fuck her or kill her or both.

Releases her breasts each bitingly. Rests his head against her stomache, then lower then lower.

"I have to decide. Are you my cunt for life? Can I even get rid of you anymore?"

Lips kiss lips. Teeth & tongue press hard, then within. She thinks: he'd be better at this if he enjoyed it more.

She twists & relaxes & allows his mouth teeth & tongue inside of her. She holds back her release, though, toying with his anger, taunting its far unstable edges. He licks hard, harder, teases, sucks, nips. She hurts, hurts more. His hands squeeze both her breasts hard. She likes this. She likes this a lot.

He gets close to making her spasm but, frustrated, backs off. Got him! She watches him tear his own clothes off, watches that angry prick leap out. Fine. Just fine.

He surprises her, though, by untying her. She doesn't fight this, but lies still after she's freed.

He wants to make her worse than murder right now. Standing over her, his cock painfully hard.

First one to move loses.

Stephanie inwardly sighs & holds out her arms. He wins.

She's pleased though: he's crossed a line, had a woman rape-ready beneath him. Bound & gagged, spread & ready.

She has something with him now that Schoolgirl doesn't.

Satisfied, she's gentle with him, rides him back to the softer places where he skulks way deep down. He empties himself thrice into her in quick succession before he can begin to calm down.

She won't let him apologize. "Like it says in the *I Ching*: 'No blame.'"

He tries again later but she says, "I deserved it. You let me off easy."

Slowly, he gets it. For a moment, unknown vastness of fury.

But no.

She's right. No blame.

She'll be keeping that jagged piece of glass. Maybe have it made into a necklace.

But it doesn't end there. No. It hardly begins there. Ferocity & subtlety. Blood & sunshine.

Mixed up in each other's beings, the music at midnight, then murderous morning.

Disintegrating, continuously. Two vessels, each filling each.

No alpha. No zed. Beyond Omm.

Truth tangling ever more invisibly.

When Noisy Children began, they had no audience. Luna T's Cafe wasn't very successful when Luna T herself was alive & in charge.

Americus & his bandmates had wondered about this. But they were a new band, excited to be working & were into record-making & touring about a year after debuting at the Cafe in 1980.

When they came back, business got a little better. Between 1980 & 1985, save some months away touring, Noisy Children played there an average of six times a week. They made two albums, *Fairy Tales* & *Dead on Arrival*, & performed Americus's musical *Tapdancin' in the Mindfields* to a nearly empty room.

From 1985 to 1989 they were broken up & Luna T's Cafe was closed after she died.

From 1989 to 1998, the reformed Noisy Children made records, played live at Luna T's, now under Americus's ownership, & toured North Carolina, Boston, Chicago & San Francisco.

What does it mean when now seems like then? Stephanie Tormé wants to know this. She & Rich are huddled together on the stage where they've been fighting & fucking. Still naked. Partway returned from blurred carnal lands, they find themselves licking & caressing each other's wounds.

Stephanie ceases the silence when they have ceased moving & are simply leaning against each other.

"You're marrying Schoolgirl today, right? I mean, still?"

"What do you think?"

"Can she handle this?"

"She knows. She told me to save some for her."

"I'm impressed."

"Do you really think I'd marry someone who would break so easy?"

"Rich! I'm not sure I'd like my fiancé fucking someone the morning of our wedding day!"

"How about the evening of it too?"

Stephanie's silent. Than she laughs. "She's here to stay, isn't she?"

"So are you, Steph."

"You really didn't like all that rough stuff, did you?"

"No."

"We'll be gentler next time."

"I'm wondering what you & Cecile will do to each other."

"You're kidding, right?"

"He's waited a long time. He's earned it. You know that."

"Oh, come on, Rich. It'll be like—"

"Fucking a brother? What about Ronnie? What about Gretta?"

"Look, Captain, I said I'd do acid. When did all this other stuff come in?"

"Come on, Stephanie. This is your home. We're your tribe. What's happening here is far more important than Washington D.C."

"What is happening here, Rich?"

"Marriage. Musical. Acid. Orgy. We're going for the godd."

"Funny."

"It's not a joke. That's the only way I can really sum it up. Going for the godd."

They dress each other slowly. Stephanie's feeling soft, vulnerable, happy before Rich's attention. He's shaken by the marks he's left on her. She decides they're better than that chunk of glass.

He won't finish dressing her. They kiss again, watery, slippery, relaxed. He holds her protectively. She's weak, giggly. Now who's Schoolgirl? she asks herself.

He doesn't want to fight her anymore. She realizes that, by her own expectations, she'll never win or lose him. He won't turn her away. Franny won't object.

But he's marrying Franny.

But he's marrying Stephanie too!

Her thoughts steam & mumble.

Eternal acid wedding day. I pulse nearer it, then falter away. I approach Luna T's Café with Rebecca Dorothy Americus, my bride, we've dressed each other in words, wishes, desires, lust. Ready.

I sit as well in this hoary old courtyard midst chessplayers & laughing choruses of foreign tongue, live rock music despite the usual doomsayers, shiny curves of ass & tit, smiles smoting breeze, the courtyard's quartet of trees, fanatics, psychotics, tramps & tourists, the drug-addled, the soft mouths still tasting last hour's semen blow, the endless lack of complete madness, always an out, escape, trap door, busride, whatfucktheever, never the carnal sea swamping Harvard Square good & finally, tho I've heard rumors & remembrances, the fat spectacled intellecdrools with their caged excess, style by the slab,wisecracks by the ton, girly braids be fun to scalp, hooker down below dusting off underloved meat, Apache above with a

"Ray, can you stop this?"

"This is necessary. Some fatass tub of fucking lard knocked a chair into me during his meaningless struggle to set up a chesstable. I've chopped up this bearded ton of fucking fun before. I *hate* fucking chess!"

"Is this helping?"

"Do *your* art, Rebecca, & I'll do *mine*."

She nearly walks away. But she doesn't. Too easy. She smiles at me & says nothing. Her smile is light, pretty, loving. Without muddle.

OK. My 18-year-old wife is again wiser than me when it matters.

For a moment: I imagine Dr. Arnold T. Knickerbocker hobbling his way into Luna T's Cafe, summoned to participate in the acid many marriage. He's not wearing his usual moldy clothes, but clean, if ancient, dark raiments, string tie, a peculiar wide-billed hat. He clutches an ancient Bible that is locked with an iron clasp. His wrinkled visage is smooth & shiny from the straight-razor he drew across it. His hands are clean. His shoes shine with polish. He is here to preside over Rebecca's wedding & perhaps comment upon other portions of the day's ceremony. No whiskey before noon today.

"Rebecca, I'm sorry. I love you. But you have to understand: sometimes my art writhes hard."

"I know. But I wish it didn't. Does it have to? Do you need to, um, writhe like that?"

"Yes." I leave it at that. She waits for one of my usual over-elaborations but it doesn't come. Sometimes my art needs to writhe.

Sometimes my art needs to writhe. Writhe unto rise. Nights of consuming heat. Wind croons after midnight, mellows, maybe a dream coalescing, unsure of asleep or awake, she is pinkcheeked & blue-eyed, sitting alone on the ZombieTownExpress. A walkman, a watch, a sleeveless white t-shirt, hair brown & tied back with a red ribbon. I am painting her picture. She honors me by noticing.

How many studied cheeks, wished-for breasts, remembered mouths, teacups full of glance, & then gone, another one, yes, again, just now, a perpetual record of wishing & watching, the traincar now emptied of its heat, bodies doze, others paw at their slow demise, study the glyphs of nearing annihilation—

"Ray!"

"Oh. Sorry, Rebecca,"

"It's OK."

"There's an old crinkled man digging in his ears, examining its refuse."

"Return to our wedding day with me. I'm excited! I don't want to wait."

"OK. I'm coming."

"That's my plan."

Sometimes my Art needs to writhe. Art a beast, needs to roar, needs to purr, needs to feed on raw blood, stuttering emotions. Art a storm come to punish & then purge the land, leave every scape exposed pink & shiny. Love a dream, a real sweaty visceral dream, veils & explosions, taboos become truths, music doming the sky & descending ever near.

Art an acidtripgood fuck beneath trees, the speakers rattling on every branch, wires running back to the frontless house we're filming this! spasm harder! shout! remember your Tantra! Remember she's 16!

Art drums & wires & yowls flowing shadows & hovering blood hungerers

Rebecca bites my shoulder & thus reminds me of something—

We're in Jim's new car, the Seed, in his unofficial official parking space far corner of Luna T's Cafe's parking lot beneath everburntout street lamp.

Jim is relaxed in the driver's seat, Rebecca next to him, me behind her, my hand by her deployment ruffling lightly along her wedding dress curves. She holds the joint for me when

it's my turn.

"Psychedelic vision, Jim. Tribal consciousness."

Jim puffs expansively. Ripples, billows, peaceful, smiling.

"Yes," he says.

Rebecca's always been a little awe-shy of Jim. But she speaks up. "I'm glad you're Ray's best man. Franny's my maid of honor & I'm hers."

Jim smiles at her. She looks delicious but he loves her innocently. "Who's Rich's best man?"

"Cecile. He's my dad's oldest friend."

"Fancy Cecile in a tie." I laugh.

Rebecca shakes her head. "I don't think so. Dad wants him there for real. I think Cecile would do it but he probably won't have to."

Jim drifts into quiet. Quiet times with him are very spiritual. He turns up the volume on his stereo. Who singing "love ain't for keeping."

Eventually he twines smile around us both. "Ready?"

Rebecca's keeping me close, hereon, squeezing my hand surprisingly hard as she leads me into Luna T's.

I notice Jim's attire for the first time. Best I can tell it he's dressed in a robe kin to water. He's carrying his electric & acoustic guitars, grey eyes satisfied that at least today will be much of what's possible for every day to be.

We enter through the barroom door. I am nervous, moreso by the minute.

I love & fear how vast is the hope in this place, how much this feels like what I've always yearned toward, a space last known to my own world 30 or so years ago.

This is the hope of children, of dreams, of LSd, Eleusis, Eden, flaring out every time a phonograph plays *Sargeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Babies born into love & smiles. A loved one, dying, smiling, kissed, dosed, launched back into the Great Making, constantly creating creation.

My young lover believes in me, is part of a whole world that believes in me, a world I created half my lifetime ago to find comfort, now more important to me than than most of my own world.

Rich & Franny. Suzann & David. Noisy Children. Cornish Phalanx. Mr. Charles Robert. Dr. Arnold T. Knickerbocker. Jim Reality III.

Merry Muse. I pray to thee: help me be good enough for all you have blessed me with.

Help me.

Nat Perfect. Algernon Beagle. *Sports Page. Newspage.*

Help me.

The Cenacle. RaiBooks. Scriptor Press. ElectroLounge. Within's Within: Scenes from the Psychedelic Revolution.

Help me.

I live in many world, together their sum is home. Worlds native & fixtional, music, past, gone, to come.

I have many loved ones, & more & more all the time. I mustn't let them down. I must be good enough to at least try & love all serve all as the rock club urges.

I am scared. This world, this native one where I begin, is far bigger & stranger & more

than I will ever fully understand.

Merry Muse, let me not cease merely because I stumble, surrender merely because I am afraid.

I am sitting on the Rohm Tech steps, Carnal Street, ZombieTown, Mass. I walked down this street last July, preparing to end my life, far nearer to it than I'd ever before been.

Miracle, I did not do it. I could not harm all those who had loved & cherished me.

Days later, in Glover, Vermont, I tripped, laughed, danced, & died, returned, again, blessed by an angel named Shannon, bid go back into the world & Love Somebody You Are Not Alone Write Something Good There is No Final Obstacle

Love Somebody. Serve Art.

& here I am, dubious not like then but enough to supplicate thee for strength.

Help me, Merry Muse.

Help me.

She downs her glasses of Wild Turkey one-two punch, smiles at me with moist lips, nods.

OK. I smile back.

Eternal acid mani-marriage. Even with all the players gathered, I don't know what's to come.

Another leap necessary here. Another walk into the chasm, willing, ready.

Struggling because trying to reason the story along, make shit up that sounds good. Thus notes, but no music.

Only way to Art is the relaxed beginning of synchronization with breath & heartbeat, the way Franny approaches Rich to meld deeper.

A tree awaits nothing. A pink cheek hurries past, smiling. A guitar pulls its player in, readying to play *his* strings. Synchronization may come easy, may not. May last for only a few lines.

Trust. Bitching fine trust, elusive flame, now torching the world, now an absent myth, sulking lie.

"OK, Americus, what do we do?"

"Ask him."

"Is he in Noisy Children? What do we play, Rich and when? Do we get to keep our clothes on?"

"I hope not, Torment."

"Cork it, Brit."

The bar is lined with all these friends, lovers, & artists that, essentially, I summoned. None are fearful or even apprehensive; curious really.

But it's me as usual. What else? All here is fine, all these souls are ready for whichever other side I toss us into this time.

But what if I'm stuck like a loser motherfuck before an instruction manual on Art, women, Godd, death, what-what?

All is neither order nor chaos though pursuing minds attempt to will one or the other such.

No order. No chaos.

No order because never can every last event, moment, emotion, miracle be accounted for. We are no more ultimately the unceasing plainness of our skin than we are the inexplicable flow of our blood.

No chaos because it is possible to leap from isle to isle of seeming meaning & truth for upwards of a lifetime—argue away dreams, smooth away lusts, a billion dead souls now know how little their lifetimes' laws & scriptures summed to.

No order. No chaos. No safety. No danger. What are you breathing in right now? What will you dream tonight? What will be the last word I write on this page, or of this story, or in my lifetime?

I don't know. I can't explain the known faces, badly can't explain, I mean

Who the fuck are you?

I really want to know—I don't know. No order. No chaos. Some gentle soul leans forward to study a contest I can't understand & can I understand him nor can I understand the contest's players yet all of these year after hoary year what will be that last word I don't know no order no chaos I lost a brother recently I don't know why I taught him to walk when we both were young & not really anything yet & is it really possible he doesn't exist anymore? I don't know. I can't say. What did his life mean? I don't know. I can't say. Why does ecstasy exist but only intermittently? What real reason for woe & pain, loss, remorse, guilt, long & lust, wish & want?

I watch a shiny-cheeked smiling lass near me an energy of youth excitement vitality fecundity roars aura round her yet there she sits five feet lone million estrangements from me I love you all out there tonight love you all the ones I know knew will know wont know the magic is alight tonight between my heart mind eye pen paper & I can only say: grateful. Because one hurt me. Because another smiled. Because this one sprayed perfume on me. Because that one sold me LSD very cheaply. All the money spent years & years beers & kisses & full moons & a continuous laughter always & everywhere I love you all because tonight I hurt so badly because tonight I am afloat with ecstasy because I have a good battered bed to go home to, because no warm arms await me, because this one thinks me a hero & that one knows I'm a goat because I'm in someone's dreams & someone else is in mine because I've learned to write in some queer secret way more kin to the classics of another era than the buzzcut neon landscapes of today

in my hand
I hold my only friend
I'll never spend
my guitar or pen

what? what? what? Is that all? Get a craft that high just to quote some hoary old lyrics?

Wait—I know—I'll calm down & seek contentment. I'll stop trying to torch the world better every rotten ass day of my half gone life. I'll take the time to listen to the soothers who—

not worth bothering to finish.

What was that last word?
Why do round cheeks bludgeon me so?

"Ray?"
"Yes?"
"It's me, Rebecca."
"Hi."
"Are you OK?"

”Probably not.”

”Oh.”

”It’s not you, Rebby. It’s this illusion. Round breasts. Streetlights. Short skirts. Long ones. Technology. Push brooms. I feel like I should be readying to finally let it go. If I could only stop needing it so much.”

”But you were writing about no order & no chaos.”

”Yes.”

Manifesting, deepdepth blue eyes first, sez, “Doesn’t that mean that reality is circular, not linear? Or maybe it’s swirly?”

”I don’t know.”

”We can’t do it this way. I know you’ve gone alone with all this. But this isn’t right.”

”Are you sure, Ray?”

”It’s not this. I don’t know what it is but I’m certain it’s not this.”

I guess I look so pathetic noone can work up much enthusiasm to thrash me properly.

Rebecca I take with me when I leave since the others aren’t nearly as rawly vulnerable to me as she is. We walk hands clasped & I find myself backing blindly into a light happiness.

Yes, OK. Yes.

We sit in Cement Park, back to our streetclothes since the day’s unreasonable spectacle has been called off.

Rebecca has a great capacity for patience & silence. She sits quietly while I writhe. Maybe days pass.

”It might have been something impressive the way it was going.”

”Yes. But you’ll make it good some other way, Ray.”

”Somehow it’s got to get there honest to what these stories have been like.”

”Yes. You’re right.”

We kiss briefly. Musical lips. Sometimes it seems as if we’re kissing all the time.

”I was thinking that we should just start at the beginning: From the moment your dad walked into Luna T’s Cafe.”

”I don’t know this story.”

”It was in 1980. Luna T had already hired the rest of Noisy Children, though they didn’t have that name yet. She didn’t think much of them but they were willing to play a lot of shows & play cheap. She’d told them to get a singer, though. Grey was too punk & Stephanie was a girl which disqualified her for lead singer in Luna T’s estimation. She’d really wanted some kind of big band but she’d decided to work with what she had at hand.

”Then Americus walks in, more a poet than a singer. Things don’t really go well at first save that everyone likes the band’s name, from a comment by Luna T before she stopped watching their rehearsals.

”Americus wants to do Beatles songs & Grey refuses. The other three members wait for someone to win & the other person to quit. Somehow it all hangs together.”

Rebecca nods.

Yes. Of course. Another version. All of them true. But this moment impatient of all of them. Restless for the words afire with her bright young flesh as it curves, ascends. Writing for the space where she sweats, smiles, writhes freely, moans with delight. Art less than this i’n’t worth the trouble.

Rebecca & I watch her pink cheeks & however many moments & places I twist into

this passage she is its *absolute symbol.* Beyond symbol.

Burn it all. Carnal Implosion. Burn it all & call it Art. Burn every fucking notebook on the shelf.

Look here to write immolation complete enough like a good piece of girl-ass diminishing down the street. Any dawn. The youngest of trees.

Burn it all down & call it Art. Every fucking notebook on the shelf.

To write like a tongue & its sexiest perambulations.

To write like 10 hits of good acid on a summit, shadow alphabets accumulating in the pilgrim's Under-mind.

To write toward an elusive pair of dark eyes, now dream elevators, now reconfigured childhood home, Godd arrived, the potent glowing flag upon the dirtiest thoughts gathered.

"You'll always be my cherry vanilla & peyote piece," I tell her.
She smiles. "I know. & you'll always be the old man who came along to keep me forever young."
Maybe now I can finally begin to get it right. I don't know.

To be concluded in *Cenacle* | 56 | December 2005

Judih Haggai

breathless horrendous shot of words

flick on deliberate, maneuverable moments
turn on a light bulb of fluorescent eveready luminous magnitude
watch the detailed changing biology
the microscope turned on high
the mind increasing cry
one breathless horrendous shot of words
the brain cringed truth
the outrage
the continual magnitude
the stupidity
the helpless sliding down a rainfilled sewer
the turn of a planet gone sour
one breathless horrendous shot of words
the numb tinged shock
the crude rude yelp of helplessless
the words
the silliness of syllables
the silence that won't be forced
the noise of insane recognition
the breathless horrendous shot
the syringe impaling veins of hope
shot up
caved in
horrendous shots again and again

cadmium blue

between tones, insistent
tints of hope
watercolour bas-relief
muted moan
shy stains on a sleeping canvas

a kiss that darts between elbows
i plant my mark on you

while planets dream
in half-time
tandem
sweet nothings
have their way with me

is this the colour
of my love
an oozing tube modestly spent
to paint you
in print and folly
& to sign in pre-dawn whisper

fading strains of summer

if summer could speak
she'd tell us long drawn epics
with wind blown sand dunes
caravanserai cargo of ancient musk and frankincense

summer would howl in shooting star empathy
then resume her voices done in chords
of murky bass and funky tabla

summer would ponder the endless night visions
she'd trace routes of unknown galaxies
and remember with tears Atlantis and hidden truths

summer wants to speak, to regale, to hand down tales
she wants to mourn the earth's floods, from ark to rooftop
an olive leaf offered to a whirling copter

summer wants to sing as her last falling robes
come beckoning to rest
summer wants to pass on her wisdom

come gather round

in the general direction of blur

it's called spacing out
this searching look
in the general direction of blur

as i comb the molecules
sense the connections
watching the aura of thought

the mind paves old roads
caresses the scenery
paints substance from urge

moving off in the general direction of blur

5:5

my 2 hands
ringless five five
miraculous discovery
lively five five
toes on the floor
five five
happenstance and circumstance
five five
five knock on wood five
breathing out rhythm
five
five

weirdly number sings
five five
stubbornly repeats
five five
old man walks away
five five
shoulders so stubborn
five five
turns with a high look
five five
throws it back again
five five

give me five and a five and another
3 fives on a day like this
bach knew it could happen like this
a five five cinquo bliss
five, you dig, five five

a minuet talks 3
a tango likes four
today i speak five
i stutter
f
f
f
f
five

34

the final four needs a fifth
johnny walker
jack daniels
smirnoff
turkey mash
cabernet
winning team is five

******

oct 5

listening to paintings i have dreamed
washing windows of the soul
tasting the hugs of long lost sounds
crunching grapes the size of plums
touching the whispers of mysticals

october fifth tiptoes into day
the house awaits its family song

Carl Gustav Jung

On the Nature of Dreams

[*Collected Works*, Volume 8: *The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche*,
Bollingen Series XX, New York, 1959. Translated by R. F. C. Hull.
First published as "Vom Wesen der Träume," *Ciba-Zeitschrift* (Basel), IX: 99 (July, 1945).]

Medical psychology differs from all other scientific disciplines in that it has to deal with the most complex problems without being able to rely on tested rules of procedure, on a series of verifiable experiments and logically explicable facts. On the contrary, it is confronted with a mass of shifting irrational happenings, for the psyche is perhaps the most baffling and unapproachable phenomenon with which the scientific mind has ever had to deal. Although we must assume that all psychic phenomena are somehow, in the broadest sense, causally dependent, it is advisable to remember at this point that causality is in the last analysis no more than a statistical truth. Therefore we should perhaps do well in certain cases to make allowance for absolute irrationality even if, on heuristic grounds, we approach each particular case by inquiring into its causality. Even then, it is advisable to bear in mind at least one of the classical distinctions, namely that between *causa efficiens* and *causa finalis*. In psychological matters, the question "Why does it happen?" is not necessarily more productive of results than the other question "To what purpose does it happen?"

Among the many puzzles of medical psychology there is one problem child, the dream. It would be an interesting, as well as difficult, task to examine the dream exclusively in its medical aspects, that is, with regard to the diagnosis and prognosis of pathological conditions. The dream does in fact concern itself with both health and sickness, and since, by virtue of its source in the unconscious, it draws upon a wealth of subliminal perceptions, it can sometimes produce things that are very well worth knowing. This has often proven helpful to me in cases where the differential diagnosis between organic and psychogenic symptoms presented difficulties. For prognosis, too, certain dreams are important. In this field, however, the necessary preliminary studies, such as careful records of case histories and the like, are still lacking. Doctors with psychological training do not as yet make a practice of recording dreams systematically, so as to preserve material which would have a bearing on a subsequent outbreak of severe illness or a lethal issue—in other words, on events which could not be foreseen at the beginning of the record. The investigation of dreams in general is a lifework in itself, and their detailed study requires the cooperation of many workers. I have therefore preferred, in this short review, to deal with the fundamental aspects of dream psychology and interpretation in such a way that those who have no experience in this field can at least get some idea of the problem and the method of inquiry. Anyone who is familiar with the material will probably agree with me that a knowledge of fundamentals is more important than an accumulation of case histories, which still cannot make up for lack of experience.

The dream is a fragment of involuntary psychic activity, just conscious enough to be reproducible in the waking state. Of all psychic phenomena the dream presents perhaps the largest number of "irrational" factors. It seems to possess a minimum of that logical

coherence and that hierarchy of values shown by the other contents of consciousness, and is therefore less transparent and understandable. Dreams that form logically, morally, or aesthetically satisfying wholes are exceptional. Usually a dream is a strange and disconcerting product distinguished by many "bad qualities," such as lack of logic, questionable morality, uncouth form, and apparent absurdity or nonsense. People are therefore only too glad to dismiss it as stupid, meaningless, and worthless.

Every interpretation of a dream is a psychological statement about certain of its contents. This is not without danger, as the dreamer, like most people, usually displays an astonishing sensitiveness to critical remarks, not only if they are wrong, but even more if they are right. Since it is not possible, except under very special conditions, to work out the meaning of a dream without the collaboration of the dreamer, an extraordinary amount of tact is required not to violate his self-respect unnecessarily. For instance, what is one to say when a patient tells a number of indecent dreams and then asks: "Why should *I* have such disgusting dreams?" To this sort of question it is better to give no answer, since an answer is difficult for several reasons, especially for the beginner, and one is very apt under such circumstances to say something clumsy, above all when one thinks one knows what the answer is. It is so difficult to understand a dream that for a long time I have made it a rule, when someone tells me a dream and asks for my opinion, to say first of all to myself: "I have no idea what this dream means." After that I can begin to examine the dream.

Here the reader will certainly ask: "Is it worth while in any individual case to look for the meaning of a dream—supposing that dreams have any meaning at all and that this meaning can be proved?"

It is easy to prove that an animal is a vertebrate by laying bare the spine. But how does one proceed to lay bare the inner, meaningful structure of a dream? Apparently the dream follows no clearly determined patterns or regular modes of behavior, apart from well-known "typical" dreams, such as nightmares. Anxiety dreams are not unusual but they are by no means the rule. Also there are typical dream-motifs known to the layman, such as of flying, climbing stairs or mountains, going about with insufficient clothing, losing your teeth, crowds of people, hotels, railway stations, trains, airplanes, automobiles, frightening animals (snakes), etc. These motifs are very common but by no means sufficient to confirm the existence of any regularity in the structure of a dream.

Some people have recurrent dreams. This happens particularly in youth, but the recurrence may continue over several decades. These are often very impressive dreams which convince one that they "must surely have a meaning." This feeling is justified in so far as one cannot, even taking the most cautious view, avoid the assumption that a definite psychic situation does arise from time to time which causes the dream. But a "psychic situation" is something that, if it can be formulated, is identical with a definite *meaning*—provided, of course, that one does not stubbornly hold to the hypothesis (certainly not proven) that all dreams can be traced back to stomach trouble or sleeping on one's back or the like. Such dreams do indeed suggest that their contents have a causal meaning. The same is true of so-called typical motifs which repeat themselves frequently in longer series of dreams. Here again it is hard to escape the impression that they mean something.

But how do we arrive at a plausible meaning and how can we confirm the rightness of the interpretation? One method—which, however, is not scientific—would be to predict future happenings from the dreams by means of a dream-book and to verify the interpretation by subsequent events assuming of course that the meaning of dreams lies in their anticipation of the future.

Another way to get at the meaning of the dream directly might be to turn to the past and reconstruct former experiences from the occurrence of certain motifs in the dreams.

While this is possible to a limited extent, it would have a decisive value only if we could discover in this way something which, though it had actually taken place, had remained unconscious to the dreamer or at any rate something he would not like to divulge under any circumstances. If neither is the case, then we are dealing simply with memory-images whose appearance in the dream is (a) not denied by anyone, and (b) completely irrelevant so far as a meaningful dream function is concerned, since the dreamer could just as well have supplied the information consciously. This unfortunately exhausts the possible ways of proving the meaning of a dream directly.

It is Freud's great achievement to have put dream-interpretation on the right track. Above all, he recognized that no interpretation can be undertaken without the dreamer. The words composing a dream narrative have not just *one* meaning, but many meanings. If, for instance, someone dreams of a table we are still far from knowing what the "table" of the dreamer signifies, although the word "table" sounds unambiguous enough. For the thing we do not know is that this "table" is the very one at which his father sat when he refused the dreamer all further financial help and threw him out of the house as a good-for-nothing. The polished surface of this table stares at him as a symbol of his catastrophic worthlessness in his daytime consciousness as well as in his dreams at night. This is what our dreamer understands by "table." Therefore we need the dreamer's help in order to limit the multiple meanings of the words to those that are essential and convincing. That the "table" stands as a mortifying landmark in the dreamer's life may be doubted by anyone who was not present. But the dreamer does not doubt it, nor do I. Clearly, dream-interpretation is in the first place an experience which has immediate validity for only two persons.

If, therefore, we establish that the "table" in the dream means just that fatal table, with all that this implies, then, although we have not explained the dream, we have at least interpreted one important motif of it; that is, we have recognized the subjective context in which the word "table" is embedded.

We arrived at this conclusion by a methodical questioning of the dreamer's own associations. The further procedures to which Freud subjects the dream-contents I have had to reject, for they are too much influenced by the preconceived opinion that dreams are the fulfillment of "repressed wishes." Although there are such dreams, this is far from proving that all dreams are wish-fulfillments, any more than are the thoughts of our conscious psychic life. There is no ground for the assumption that the unconscious processes underlying the dream are more limited and one-sided, in form and content, than conscious processes. One would rather expect that the latter could be limited to known categories, since they usually reflect the regularity or even monotony of the conscious way of life.

On the basis of these conclusions and for the purpose of ascertaining the meaning of the dream, I have developed a procedure which I call "taking up the context." This consists in making sure that every shade of meaning which each salient feature of the dream has for the dreamer is determined by the associations of the dreamer himself. I therefore proceed in the same way as I would in deciphering a difficult text. This method does not always produce an immediately understandable result; often the only thing that emerges, at first, is a hint that looks significant. To give an example: I was working once with a young man who mentioned in his anamnesis that he was happily engaged, and to a girl of a "good" family. In his dreams she frequently appeared in a very unflattering guise. The context showed that the dreamer's unconscious connected the figure of his bride with all kinds of scandalous stories from quite other sources—which was incomprehensible to him and naturally also to me. But, from the constant repetition of such combinations, I had to conclude that, despite his conscious resistance, there existed in him an unconscious tendency to show his bride in this ambiguous light. He told me that if such a thing were true it would be a catastrophe. His

acute neurosis had set in a short time after his engagement. Although it was something he could not bear to think about, this suspicion of his bride seemed to me a point of such capital importance that I advised him to instigate some inquiries. These showed the suspicion to be well founded, and the shock of the unpleasant discovery did not kill the patient but, on the contrary, cured him of his neurosis and also of his bride. Thus, although the taking up of the context resulted in an "unthinkable" meaning and hence in an apparently nonsensical interpretation, it proved correct in the light of facts which were subsequently disclosed, This case is of exemplary simplicity, and it is superfluous to point out that only rarely do dreams have so simple a solution.

The examination of the context is, to be sure, a simple, almost mechanical piece of work which has only a preparatory significance. But the subsequent production of a readable text, i.e. the actual interpretation of the dream, is as a rule a very exacting task. It needs psychological empathy, ability to coordinate intuition, knowledge of the world and of men, and above all a special "canniness" which depends on wide understanding as well as on a certain "intelligence de cœur." All these presupposed qualifications, including even the last, are valuable for the art of medical diagnosis in general. No sixth sense is needed to understand dreams. But more is required than routine recipes such as are found in vulgar little dream-books, or which invariably develop under the influence of preconceived notions. Stereotyped interpretation of dream-motifs is to be avoided; the only justifiable interpretations are those reached through a painstaking examination of the context. Even if one has great experience in these matters, one is again and again obliged, before each dream, to admit one's ignorance and, renouncing all preconceived ideas, to prepare for something entirely unexpected.

Even though dreams refer to a definite attitude of consciousness and a definite psychic situation, their roots like deep in the unfathomably dark recesses of the conscious mind. For want of a more descriptive term we call this unknown background the unconscious. We do not know its nature in and for itself, but we observe certain effects from whose qualities we venture certain conclusions in regard to the nature of the unconscious psyche. Because dreams are the most common and normal expression of the unconscious psyche, they provide the bulk of the material for its investigation.

Since the meaning of most dreams is *not* in accord with the tendencies of the conscious mind but shows peculiar deviations, we must assume that the unconscious, the matrix of dreams, has an independent function. This is what I call the autonomy of the unconscious. The dream not only fails to obey our will but very often stands in striking opposition to our conscious purposes. The opposition need not always be so marked; sometime the dream deviates only a little from the conscious attitude and introduces only slight modifications; occasionally it may even coincide with conscious contents and tendencies. When I attempted to express this behavior in a formula, the concept of *compensation* seemed to me the only adequate one, for it alone is capable of summing up all the various ways in which a dream behaves. The concept of compensation must be strictly distinguished from that of *complementation*. The concept of a complement is too narrow and too restricting; it does not suffice to explain the function of dreams because it designates a relationship in which two things supplement one another more or less mechanically. On the other hand compensation, as the term implies, means balancing and comparing different data or points of view so as to produce an adjustment or a rectification.

In this regard there are three possibilities. If the conscious attitude to the life situation is in large degree one-sided, then the dream takes the opposite side. If the conscious has a position fairly near the "middle," the dream is satisfied with variations. If the conscious attitude is "correct" (adequate), then the dream coincides with and emphasized this

tendency, though without forfeiting its peculiar autonomy. As one never knows with certainty how to evaluate the conscious situation of a patient, dream-interpretation is naturally impossible without questioning the dreamer. But even if we know the conscious situation we know nothing of the attitude of the unconscious. As the unconscious is the matrix not only of dreams but also of psychogenic symptoms, the question of the attitude of the unconscious is of great practical importance. The unconscious, not caring whether I and those about me feel my attitude to be right, may—so to speak—be of "another mind." This, especially in the case of a neurosis, is not a matter of indifference, as the unconscious is quite capable of bringing about all kinds of unwelcome disturbances "by mistake," often with serious consequences, or of provoking neurotic symptoms. These disturbances are due to lack of harmony between conscious and unconscious. "Normally," as we say, such harmony should be present. The fact is, however, that very frequently it is simply not there, and this is the reason for a vast number of psychogenic misfortunes ranging from severe accidents to harmless slips of the tongue. We owe our knowledge of these relationships to the work of Freud.

Although in the great majority of cases compensation aims at establishing a normal psychological balance and thus appears as a kind of self-regulation of the psychic system, one must not forget that under certain circumstances and in certain cases (for instance, in latent psychoses) compensation may lead to a fatal issue owing to the preponderance of destructive tendencies. The result is suicide or some other abnormal action, apparently preordained in the life-pattern of certain hereditarily tainted individuals.

In the treatment of neurosis, the task before us is to re-establish an approximate harmony between conscious and unconscious. This, as we know, can be done in a variety of ways: from "living a natural life," persuasive reasoning, strengthening the will, to analysis of the unconscious.

Because the simpler methods so often fail and the doctor does not know how to go on treating the patient, the compensatory function of dreams offers welcome assistance. I do not mean that the dreams of modern people indicate the appropriate method of healing, as was reported of the incubation-dreams dreamt in the temples of Aesculapius. They do, however, illuminate the patient's situation in a way that can be exceedingly beneficial to health. They bring memories, insights, experiences; they awaken dormant qualities in the personality, and reveal the unconscious elements in relationships. So it seldom happens that anyone who has taken the trouble to work over his dreams with qualified assistance for a longer period of time remains without enrichment and a broadening of his mental horizon. Just because of their compensatory behavior, a methodical analysis of dreams discloses new points of view and new ways of getting over the dreaded impasse.

The term "compensation" naturally gives us only a very general idea of the function of dreams. But if, as happens in long and difficult treatments, the analyst observes a series of dreams that often runs into hundreds, there gradually forces itself upon him a phenomenon which, in an isolated dream, would remain hidden behind the compensation of the moment.

This phenomenon is a kind of developmental process in the personality itself. At first it seems that each compensation is a momentary adjustment of one-sidedness or an equalization of disturbed balance. But with deeper insight and experience, these apparently separate acts of compensation arrange themselves into a kind of plan. They seem to hang together and in the deepest sense to be subordinated to a common goal, so that a long dream-series no longer appears as a senseless string of incoherent and isolated happenings, but resembles the successive steps in a planned and orderly process of development. I have called this unconscious process spontaneously expressing itself in the symbolism of long dream-series the individuation process.

МИР ЛЮДЯМ ЗЕМЛИ
May Peace Prevail On Earth

Here, more than anywhere else in the presentation of dream psychology, illustrative examples would be desirable. Unfortunately, this is quite impossible for technical reasons. I must therefore refer the reader to my book *Psychology and Alchemy*, which contains an investigation into the structure of a dream-series with special reference to the individuation process.

The question whether a long series of dreams recorded outside the analytical procedure would likewise reveal a development aiming at individuation is one that cannot be answered at present for lack of the necessary material. The analytical procedure, especially when it includes a systematic dream-analysis, is a "process of quickened maturation," as Stanley Hall once aptly remarked. It is therefore possible that the motifs accompanying the individuation process appear chiefly and predominantly in dream-series recorded under analysis, whereas in "extra-analytical" dream-series they occur only at much greater intervals of time.

I have mentioned above that dream-interpretation requires, among other things, specialized knowledge. While I am quite ready to believe that an intelligent layman with some psychological knowledge and experience of life could, with practice, diagnose dream-compensation correctly, I consider it impossible for anyone without knowledge of mythology and folklore and without some understanding of the psychology of primitives and of comparative religion to grasp the essence of the individuation process, which, according to all we know, lies at the base of psychological compensation.

Not all dreams are of equal importance. Even primitives distinguish between "little" and "big" dreams, or, as we might say, "insignificant" and "significant" dreams. Looked at more closely, "little" dreams are the nightly fragments of fantasy coming from the subjective and personal spheres, and their meaning is limited to the affairs of everyday. That is why such dreams are easily forgotten, just because their validity extends no further than the day-to-day fluctuations of the psychic balance. Significant dreams, on the other hand, are often remembered for a lifetime, and not infrequently prove to be the richest jewel in the treasure-house of psychic experience. How many people have I encountered who at the first meeting could not refrain from saying: "I once had a dream!" Sometimes it was the first dream they could ever remember, and one that occurred between the ages of three and five. I have examined many such dreams, and often found in them a peculiarity which distinguishes them from other dreams: they contain symbolical images which we also come across in the mental history of mankind. It is worth noting that the dreamer does not need to have any inkling of the existence of such parallels. This peculiarity is characteristic of dreams of the individuation process, where we find the mythological motifs or mythologems I have designated as archetypes. These are to be understood as specific forms and groups of images which occur not only at all times and in all places but also in individual dreams, fantasies, visions, and delusional ideas. Their frequent appearance in individual case material, as well as their universal distribution, prove that the human psyche is unique and subjective or personal only in part, and for the rest is collective and objective.

Thus we speak on the one hand of a *personal* and on the other of a *collective* unconscious, which lies at a deeper level and is further removed from consciousness than the personal unconscious. The "big" or "meaningful" dreams come from this deeper level. They reveal their significance—quite apart from the subjective impression they make—by their plastic form, which often has a poetic force and beauty. Such dreams occur mostly during the critical phases of life, in early youth, puberty, at the onset of middle age (thirty-six to forty), and within sight of death. Their interpretation often involves considerable difficulties, because the material which the dreamer is able to contribute is too meager. For these archetypal products are no longer concerned with personal experience and its associations.

For example, a young man dreamed of *a great snake that guarded a golden bowl in an underground vault.* To be sure, he had once seen a huge snake in a zoo, but otherwise he could suggest nothing that might have prompted such a dream, except perhaps the reminiscence of fairy tales. Judging by this unsatisfactory context the dream, which actually produced a very powerful effect, would have hardly any meaning. But that would not explain its decided emotionality. In such a case we have to go back to mythology, where the combination of snake or dragon with treasure and cave represents an ordeal in the life of the hero. Then it becomes clear that we are dealing with a collective emotion, a typical situation full of affect, which is not primarily a personal experience but becomes one only secondarily. Primarily it is a universally human problem which, because it has been overlooked subjectively, forces itself objectively upon the dreamer's consciousness.

A man in middle life still feels young, and age and death lie far ahead of him. At about thirty-six he passes the zenith of life, without being conscious of the meaning of this fact. If he is a man whose whole make-up and nature do not tolerate excessive unconsciousness, then the import of this moment will be forced upon him, perhaps in the form of an archetypal dream. It would be in vain for him to try to understand the dream with the help of a carefully worked out context, for it expresses itself in strange mythological forms that are not familiar to him. The dream uses collective figures because it has to express an eternal human problem that repeats itself endlessly, and not just a disturbance of personal balance.

All these moments in the individual's life, when the universal laws of human fate break in upon the purposes, expectations, and opinions of the personal consciousness, are stations along the road of the individuation process. This process, is, in effect, the spontaneous realization of the whole man. The ego-conscious personality is only a part of the whole man, and its life does not yet represent his total life. The more he is merely "I," the more he splits himself off from the collective man, of whom he is also a part, and may even find himself in opposition to him. But since everything living strives for wholeness, the inevitable one-sidedness of our conscious life is continually being corrected and compensated by the universally human in us, whose goal is the ultimate integration of conscious and unconscious, or better, the assimilation of the ego to a wider personality.

Such reflections are unavoidable if one wants to understand the meaning of "big" dreams. They employ numerous mythological motifs that characterize the life of the hero, of that greater man who is semi-divine by nature. Here we find the dangerous adventures and ordeals such as occur in initiations. We meet dragons, helpful animals, and demons; also the Wise Old Man, the animal-man, the wishing tree, the hidden treasure, the well, the cave, the walled garden, the process and substances of transformation in alchemy, and so forth—all things which in no way touch the banalities of everyday. The reason for this is that they have to do with the realization of a part of the personality which has not yet come into existence but is still in the process of becoming.

How such mythologems get "condensed" in dreams, and how they modify one another, is shown by the old picture of the Dream of Nebuchadnezzar (Daniel 4:7ff.) Although purporting to be no more than a representation of that dream, it has, so to speak, been dreamed over again by the artist, as is immediately apparent if one examines the details more closely. The tree is growing (in a quite unbiblical manner) out of the king's navel: it is therefore the genealogical tree of Christ's ancestors, that grows from the navel of Adam, the tribal father. For this reason it bears in its branches the pelican, who nourishes the young with its blood—a well-known allegory of Christ. Apart from the pelican, together with the four birds that take the place of the four symbols of the evangelists, form a quincunx, and this quincunx reappears down in the stag, another symbol of Christ, with the four animals

looking expectantly upward. These two quaternities have the closest connections with alchemical ideas: above the *volatilia*, below the *terrena*, the former traditionally represented as birds, the latter as quadrupeds. Thus not only has the Christian conception of the genealogical tree and the evangelical quaternity insinuated itself into the picture, but also the alchemical idea of the double quaternity ("superius est sicut quod inferius"). This contamination shows in the most vivid way how individual dreams make use of archetypes. The archetypes are condensed, interwoven, and blended not only with one another (as here), but also with unique individual elements.

But if dreams produce such essential compensations, why are they not understandable? I have often been asked this question. The answer must be that the dream is a natural occurrence, and that nature shows no inclination to offer her fruit gratis or according to human expectations. It is often objected that the compensation must be ineffective unless the dream is understood. This is not so certain, however, for many things can be effective without being understood. But there is no doubt that we can enhance the effect considerably by understanding it, and this is often necessary because the voice of the unconscious so easily goes unheard. "What nature leaves imperfect, the art perfects," says an alchemical dictum.

Coming now to the form of dreams, we find everything from lightning impressions to endlessly spun out dream-narrative. Nevertheless there are a great many "average" dreams in which a definite structure can be perceived, not unlike that of a drama. For instance, the dream begins with a **statement of place**, such as, *"I was in a street, it was an avenue"* (1), or, *"I was in a large building like a hotel"* (2). Next comes a statement about the **protagonist** for instance, *"I was walking with my friend X in a city park. At a crossing we suddenly ran into Mrs. Y"* (3), or, *"I was sitting with Father and Mother in a train compartment"* (4), or, *"I was in uniform with many of my comrades"* (5). Statements of time are rarer. I call this phase of the dream the **exposition**. It indicates the scene of the action, the people involved, and often the initial situation of the dreamer.

In the second phase comes the **development** of the plot. For instance: "*I was in a street, it was an avenue. In the distance a car appeared, which approached rapidly. It was being driven very unsteadily, and I thought the driver must be drunk"* (1). Or: *"Mrs. Y seemed to be very excited and wanted to whisper something to me hurriedly, which my friend X was obviously not intended to hear"* (3). The situation is somehow becoming complicated, and a definite tension develops because one does not know what will happen.

The third phase brings the **culmination** or *peripeteia*. Here something decisive happens or something changes completely: "*Suddenly I was in the car and seemed to be myself the drunken driver. Only I was not drunk, but strangely insecure and as if without a steering-wheel. I could no longer control the fast moving car, and crashed into a wall*" (1). Or: "*Suddenly Mrs. Y turned deathly pale and fell to the ground*" (3).

The fourth and last phase is the *lysis*, the **solution** or **result** produced by the dream-work. (There are certain dreams in which the fourth phase is lacking, and this can present a special problem, not to be discussed here.) Examples: "*I saw that the front part of the car was smashed. It was a strange car that I did not know. I myself was unhurt. I thought with some uneasiness of my responsibility*" (1). "*We thought Mrs. Y was dead, but it was evidently only a faint. My friend X cried out 'I must fetch a doctor'*" (3). The last phase shows the final situation, which is at the same time the solution "sought" by the dreamer. In dream 1 a new reflectiveness has supervened after a kind of rudderless confusion, or rather, should supervene, since the dream is compensatory. The upshot of dream 3 is the thought that the help of a competent third person is indicated.

The first dreamer was a man who had rather lost his head in difficult family circumstances and did not want to let matters go to extremes. The other dreamer wondered whether he ought to obtain the help of a psychiatrist for his neurosis. Naturally these statements are not an interpretation of the dream, they merely outline the initial situation. This division into four phases can be applied without much difficulty to the majority of dreams met with in practice—an indication that dreams generally have a "dramatic" structure.

The essential content of the dream action, as I have shown above, is a sort of finely attuned compensation of the one-sidedness, errors, deviations, or other shortcomings of the conscious attitude. An hysterical patient of mine, an aristocratic lady who seemed to herself no end distinguished, met in her dreams a whole series of dirty fishwives and drunk prostitutes. In extreme cases the compensation becomes so menacing that the fear of it results in sleeplessness.

Thus the dream may either repudiate the dreamer in a most painful way, or bolster him up morally. The first is likely to happen to people who, like the last mentioned patient, have too good an opinion of themselves; the second to those whose self-valuation is too low. Occasionally, however, the arrogant person is not simply humiliated in the dream, but is raised to an altogether improbable and absurd eminence, while the all-too-humble individual is just as improbably degraded, in order to "rub it in," as the English say.

Many people who know something, but not enough, about dreams and their meaning, and who are impressed by their delicate and apparently intentional compensation, are liable to succumb to the prejudice that the dream actually has a moral purpose, that it warns, rebukes, comforts, foretells the future, etc. If one believes that the unconscious always knows best, one can easily be betrayed into leaving the dreams to take the necessary decisions, and is then disappointed when the dreams become more and more trivial and meaningless. Experience has shown me that a slight knowledge of dream psychology is apt to lead to an overrating of the unconscious which impairs the power of conscious decision. The unconscious functions satisfactorily only when the conscious mind fulfills its tasks to the very limit. A dream may perhaps supply what is then lacking, or it may help us forward where our best efforts have failed. If the unconscious really were superior to consciousness it would be difficult to see wherein the advantage of consciousness lay, or why it should ever have come into being as a necessary element in the scheme of evolution. If it were nothing but a *lusus naturae*, the fact of our conscious awareness of the world and of our own existence would be without meaning. The idea that consciousness is a freak of nature is somehow difficult to digest, and for psychological reasons we should avoid emphasizing it, even if it were correct—which, by the way, we shall luckily never be in a position to prove (any more than we can prove the contrary). This is a question that belongs to the realm of metaphysics, where no criterion of truth exists. However, this is in no way to underestimate the fact that metaphysical views are of the utmost importance for the well-being of the human psyche.

In the study of dream psychology we encounter far-reaching philosophical and even religious problems to the understanding of which the phenomenon of dreams has already made decisive contributions. But we cannot boast that we are—as of today—in possession of a generally satisfying theory or explanation of this complicated phenomenon. We still know far too little about the nature of the unconscious psyche for that. In this field there is still an infinite amount of patient and unprejudiced work to be done, which no one will begrudge. For the purpose of research is not to imagine that one possesses the theory which alone is right, but, doubting all theories, to approach gradually nearer to the truth.

Raymond Soulard, Jr.

6 x 36 Nocturnes

(sixth series)

xxxvi. Lasting **[continued]**

xxix. Trans

Persist now from memory's tossed honey
& lost paths of twined flames. Persist,
a beat, another. Largest moon crosses prairie

cloud. Somewhere, a new strum, curling
growl. Love binds among fingers. Even
its rot conjures newly. Every pain is shaman:

Too deep for blood or bones to chase, the heart's
music traces its song harder than cross, crown,
& coin. For the slaven touch of love a blossom,

a manse, mutation. Hearts fall, meet & fall,
cry out to the sky, resist the brute bounty
within. Oh, for that lighter day. Plain &

golden. I've left those snappy mountain
winds, careening coastal lights. Another
day to mock & gallop there. Tonight she

dreams our goodbye, wakes to its sour
truth, its lacking reward. Its gape. Tonight
I begin anew, everywhere & nowhere. I urge

my one true note to gaze on, a beast well
enough again for the new hunt.

***

xxx. Moan

Go moan for masters. It's racial.
 Another cry, whatever clock,
  whatever clime.

Moan. You want to. A shiver, a knowing.
 Bones will twist & ache for some, too
  kept reduce to order, fancy a god.

Maybe sum it in candles or the great-flying
 shape of the night. Moan. It hurts.
  Good. Now slower next time.

Again moan for masters, up high & now
 higher, give out blindly. New worlds
  without end. Breathe. Relax.

Moan. Shhh. Little sweets without sting.
 Tonight's tumble is green, feel its caress,
  feel its slide. Shhh. Remember this high.

Music now to lift but something, what to
 sustain? Feel it hard. Feel it good.
  Feel it linger. Stop moaning for masters,

take the instrument, bear the blade. Little
 holds against a true stroke. Another night,
  its coming ray. Another world, its coming gone.

***

xxxi. Frail

So many names for beloved &
 a few, hundred excesses of praise
chime & miss wide. Unto dusky
 sky music sung in peached cloud,
ruffled as a morning bed. Poundless
 lay of rapture over a wall of tomes

vetting no, & how. Sting. Another cry.
 Sweetness. Whatever clock, whatever clime.

Beloved, remind me to mercy, world's
 crown & flute. Not history, its clasp.
Nor power, its thwart. Mercy. What strikes
 every night at its softest. Holy lingering,
green promise, a want for content.
 Sweetness for all. Wish to stay.

Many names for beloved. Mercy.
 Frail. Revolution. Now. Sing higher.

Beloved, what persists in autumn's
 multi hungry colors, what presses &
jerks toward a then where sweetness
 feeds what costume & habit fail?
A world sum to greater than a guru's
 bone-empty directions. Holy something

in every moment. So many names &
 a few. Among leys & lines & stars
I breathe me out slowly. Gone & anew.

Beloved, does this strange world sum to
 emptiness, a happy human burn
of whatever falls? What other mystery
 astride, what steps toward finer way?
I breathe me out slowly. Holy something
 in every moment. Many names & a few.

Beloved, I vow to sing higher what is passing,
 give over to mercy. Sweetness. Revolution,
alway. Some pestering new world aborning.

***

xxxii. *Abide*

Would you know better, listen twice.
Where to, how from, ask other, not
enough, sing. Your history is manacle,
your sacred a cloud. Live it out,
or let it blow past. Would you know better,
listen twice, & sing.

No less than everything matters, now,
let if off, now, no less than green
is enough, no less than craven to be
fell, kick the coward within. No less.
Some pestering new world aborning,
in arroyo & lingual beam. Listen twice.

Sing. What remains, what persists,
a long remembering night of petaled
ecstasy. Feel it hard. Feel it good.
Feel it linger. It hurts but you know:
Every pain is shaman. Live it out,
watch it blow past. Tangle tails

with it all awhile, burn gurus, wake
up! Happiness. There it goes, dust
on a shell, nocturne for nobody,
pink flickings in a stranger's dream.
Would you know again, & better, sing.
Dab lips twice to the ground & cast on.

******

xxxiii. Eros

Kassandra, hear me, song unto you.
My pen presses to sing me greater,
to meet you high in flaming places,
remember, renew, become a stronger
back & dearer toward all effort to free.
Hear me, my will to adore you

a greyhound's wingless careen, pepper's
bite on tongue, caterwaul from ruined
days. I was another name when want
last opened through me, Kassandra.
Eros become the blind-high firework of a
lost limb. Its pained call from a heap.

Eros in the sucking bottle not tit, &
mourn's long climax to indifference.
Eros snaggled among nightmares
follow all day. I don't know how
it stays or goes. I don't know of
any near its kind. Kassandra, stir

me again to acceleration, to nights
blown wide in happy cries. Healing.
Love unto greater real. Never high
enough, Kassandra, & no creature
undeserving. Where such as kings elect
otherwise one day a crush will fall.

I call it all eros. Sweets to a needing
shadow. Song & fruit & water simple
power in feast or lack. World's helpless
scar of wish unhealed by preacher's
fleshless conjures nor bullet's relentless
beat. Hardly crayon marks on cave walls.

Eros, Kassandra, how we must begin to
heal the world. Thrill of returning pink
jollity. Song & water & fruit. Kings returned
to men lame from crown worship. Preachers
renewed to lead into high forests, curl & croon
everything is safe, everything immeasurable.

Warriors aplay in the night sky, divide
again to smiths & teachers & statesmen.
Great trumpets for all that walks &
creeps & wings & blooms. Artists dispersed
to every luring wind & bright tremble.
Green truths settle on every new-opened hand.

I hardly have nocturnes tonight, Kassandra,
to sing clean the wider foul of loneliness
& bully. I hardly see but what would
entirely drown the world. I hardly
can say love, what is it in the ceaseless
bleed & familiar woe?

What runs me hardest flares from
joined will. Devotion from very bones.
Pain burst into empathy. Empathy
gathered for the next & next day's
push & work. All this directs my old
pen to you, Kassandra, ever & again

you rise what still flashes too hard
in me to snuff. Gesture toward
the world's needful path. Yon hands,
leaves, feathers, purr. You gesture,
wave & pass. You take me as you must
& mold me anew.

******

xxxiv. Twist

Disappear into the music again, twist
 through thump of words, torch of
flesh. Open out wild, beyond the crabbed
 fools of death & desire. Let it,
feel it, disappear through melody,
 shake, thrill, carry the rhythm, make

it work, excite, uplift, stretch, &
 feel me disappear long away &
hardly known, & quickly going, strange
 like stars, soft, it matters, it matters,
now it doesn't. Told love raises the world,
 bark twice. Told kings reign the land,

throb greater to beauty & hurt no hand
 wrought nor heals. Told the man is
everywhere, better shift & slink by him,
 sing, hard touch in darkness of one
toward another. Depart this narcotic
 delusion of lights & hurry. It matters,

it matters. Now it doesn't. This press,
 this fierce, this run wild with its
many mangy matters. History's ill
 platter of mangods & godmen. Merchant's-
rich offering of diseases guised as path,
 like wisdom. Flowers & melodies & thighs

shilled for value false to their beastly
 beauties. Moon but a symbol. Tit
a symbol. Suffering & obeisance but pages.
 Death's throne presumed. Disappear
into the music again, no longer knot
 to loneliness, hustled through by

harking gurus & careening whores. Bound
 to nada, flushed out to something's skies,
glory catching, past what moves one toward
 another. It matters. It matters. Now
it doesn't. Greater music, nigh greater silence,
 contrive the thing you must release. Then

gone the hauntings & the dream. Gone the
 night's heavy fruit, undone the honied hours.
It matters, it mattered. It never did.

******

xxxv. Irruption

"In the condition of fire
is all music and all rest."
—W. B. Yeats

Something matters. It must. Of course
it does. Yes: sing me, cascade through
dusk salmon-deep & granite-wide, again
nocturnes burn rhythms steep across
new skies, out, out, all trust, blow out's
freak spectacle, coming night's carnal

mutilation, spending raised fire's twisted
pain, kneel by dance, confess among
crossed shadows, uplift with a wet
roaring cry, disintegrate when the
last raw bones chewed through.

But now slower. What the lessons of
humility. Let some furies awhile
abide. Let some heartbreak croom,
stroke a moment, & another, what
danger within. Still clench.

Now breathe, relax. Let some over to
the green. Let what can be healed,
the rest will strew along, what remains,
nobody knows, nobody knows.

And irruption: sing me greater, cold
char upon your trunk, ceaseless green
sex upon your shores, spectral winged
life within, demons for lash & lace,
for yearned secret collisions in a glance.

Wage greater your mere, something matters,
it must. Her kiss remains, finest
clapping note, new muse aborn, lorn eyes,
aqueous soul, fills space stars will
anon come. Mage of wing, leaf, breeze,
heart thick & airy with love's heat.

Undoes another's snaring conjures. Gentle
become claw. One bestial music then,
now another. Desire how race transmits core.

Become singer raw again, new reckon
kings plunder like insects on a splayed
fruit. Slaves, merchants, preachers alike
frolick for one lie & another, raise up
looted glory, live for a fierce moment
stars with god in their eyes.

Anon, slowly, die choking & surprised.

New hark nocturnes, yes, I recall these
hard mountains. Yes, & other years,
other weights. Idiot's chase, my outspilled
moonlight. Still for an eve then shake it
harder, persistence bitch, call it
higher's stride.

Open again tonight, sing like thighs
new & ready for the first hard take,
something matters, everything matters,
every passing moment implode &
then gone, new greening, ever & first
alike, universe perpetual moan & make.

Sheered from my dread, nearer the
wild one within, nay play it simple
through, nay run it down familiar,
nay rest by this night's high music
or world's bloodful fire. Shake it twice

& now higher. Whither new? Whither next.
Much remains. Nobody knows, nobody knows.
And irruption: burn it, burn it all down
again or else.

******

Within's Within: Scenes from the Psychedelic Revolution

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Raymond Soulard, Jr.

Secret Joy Amongst These Times: The History of Scriptor Press, 1995 to the Present

"*Think for yourself*
& question authority"
—Dr. Timothy Leary

Chapter Ten
continued from
The Cenacle / 54 / April 2005

Telling the story of a year in a handful of pages, composing these over the course of a week, reaching into the chaotic order of passed days & saying: here, this is how what I remember as important happened, here are connections among events, persons, thoughts, dreams, & so on, & what is briefly discussed or excluded simply snaps off, occurred & obliterated within its own familiar hour.

2003 was for me about survival & humility. What I'd been seeking was not going to come to me; where I wished to be I could not stay. How I dealt with failure, & more failure, would craft my result. To tell this year's tale is to create first an atmosphere of sadness & futility.

Not all sadness & failure, however. Moments counter to what prevailed. I've found over time being a persistence bitch is hard, useful clue to some eventual success. Some luck, some stubbornness. Rooting deep within for all one has, & reaching toward others when it's easy & when it isn't.

Scriptor Press did not much exist for the first five months of 2003. The only project active then was the website, *ElectroLounge*. Aside from a few links & random content, what I mostly added were poems in the *6 x 36 Nocturnes* series, ongoing since June 2000. Writing these poems & posting them at *EL* (& elsewhere online) constituted my strongest connection with others, my series of cries for others to hear. It was not until June 2003 that I began to crawl upwards again. Still, to tell the year's tale full, return to January & along from there.

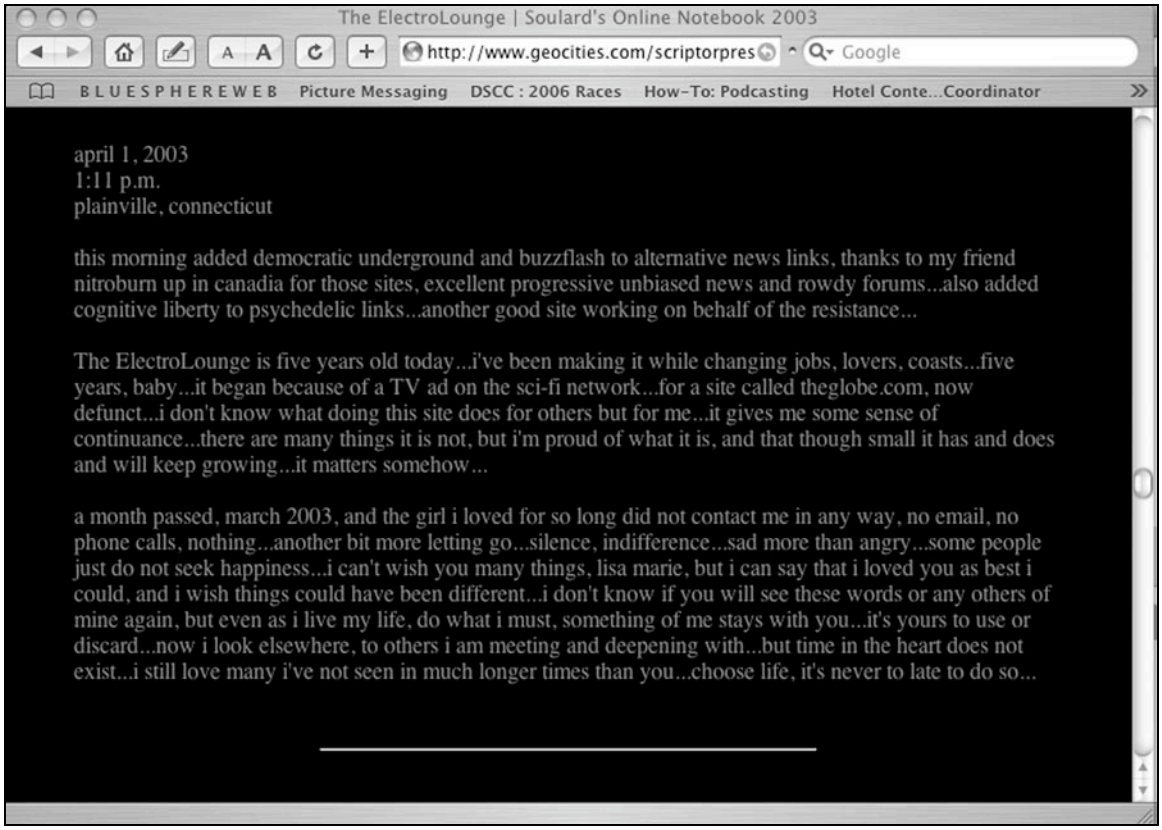
I awoke New Year's Day 2003 in a rooming house in Portland, Oregon, atop two mattresses laid on an upturned dining table, beneath a thick Mickey Mouse comforter. I'd turned down a friend's invitation to spend New Year's Eve in San Francisco on the chance my sometime employer might call with work (he did, later that month). I was poor & heartsick. Getting from Boston to Portland in 2002 had taken nearly my all & here I was,

slowly failing. The girl I'd come for was living with her family & new lover; no number of occasional phone calls bemoaning her life's imperfection could negate this. Looking back now, I see this whole love story as probably futile from its origin. She was too immature & I was struggling just to keep myself afloat. I wanted everything with her; I wanted to be her Orpheus & rescue my Eurydice from her urban trash Underworld. For a short passing time this seemed possible. But she looked back. I believed less & less.

I struggled til late February to find & keep work in Portland. Welfare even turned me away. My last meaningful act was to march with 30,000 others through the downtown streets to protest the Bush Empire's pending invasion of Iraq. People sang, shouted, dressed up as anti-war cheerleaders, passed by surprisingly passive troopers. The invasion occurred in March, & 2 1/2 years later the U.S. remains mired in Iraq, 2000 dead American soldiers, tens of thousands of dead Iraqis, & counting. Perhaps the villains will finally get crushed soon but their damage remains.

I just couldn't make it. I said goodbye to Powell's Books, Coffeetime Coffeehouse, Pioneer Square, the light rail, library, the many lowly eateries I spent my writing hours, & traveled north to Seattle, said goodbye to Bauhaus Cafe, many local movie theaters, obscure street corners where I'd rapped with the local fellaheen, stayed with a friend till I was able to get a Greyhound bus to Connecticut. It was several days of retreat, writing & breathing, its nadir being trapped in Port Authority New York City due to a major blizzard. My dear friend Jim Burke met me in Hartford. Home. Ha.

For the rest of 2003 I lived with another friend, Gerry Dillon, whose friendship I valued & work I'd published. We both struggled with demons & wounds that year, perhaps better because together.



april 1, 2003
1:11 p.m.
plainville, connecticut

this morning added democratic underground and buzzflash to alternative news links, thanks to my friend nitroburn up in canadia for those sites, excellent progressive unbiased news and rowdy forums...also added cognitive liberty to psychedelic links...another good site working on behalf of the resistance...

The ElectroLounge is five years old today...i've been making it while changing jobs, lovers, coasts...five years, baby...it began because of a TV ad on the sci-fi network...for a site called theglobe.com, now defunct...i don't know what doing this site does for others but for me...it gives me some sense of continuance...there are many things it is not, but i'm proud of what it is, and that though small it has and does and will keep growing...it matters somehow...

a month passed, march 2003, and the girl i loved for so long did not contact me in any way, no email, no phone calls, nothing...another bit more letting go...silence, indifference...sad more than angry...some people just do not seek happiness...i can't wish you many things, lisa marie, but i can say that i loved you as best i could, and i wish things could have been different...i don't know if you will see these words or any others of mine again, but even as i live my life, do what i must, something of me stays with you...it's yours to use or discard...now i look elsewhere, to others i am meeting and deepening with...but time in the heart does not exist...i still love many i've not seen in much longer times than you...choose life, it's never to late to do so...

For the next three months I writhed daily to find my way. My lost love Lisa Marie haunted me even as I began to remove her name from current projects—her poetry from *ElectroLounge*, her dedication from my unfinished poems. I helped Gerry fix up his home &, reunited with my Macintosh G4 computer, upgraded its operating system to OS X. I applied for food stamps, tried to find work, wrote from the ravaged nada of my heart, scratching to its depths for meaning. She was gone; I searched my self for what was left. I waited for her still. I knew there'd be more.

Late May it came: contact. Over several days & emails & phone calls I found what was left in me: an aversion to cruelty. I remembered what it was like to be a teenager, mocked, harmed, rejected, shit-nothing, less.

Induced to reveal my feelings, then trashed by her (next) new man, laughed on the phone at while they rolled joints—what did any of it mean? What could possibly any of it mean? How does love disorder to disdain? Why? There were no answers, still none.

My black heart cracked. When younger I'd thought I was shit-nothing. Or at least I ran, hid, did not know how to defend myself otherwise much less fight back.

Now I know. When the bastards come at you, no matter the familiar face on them, close off all, fire back, whip & pound & scream. Nobody deserves to be hurt for no reason. Not the dirtiest, lowest, strangest. Damn the borders. Survive. If trapped & pushed, push back, harder, twice harder. Survive. More: when you see someone in like trouble, aid, ally, do what you can to help.

The years have taught me that nobody is expendable in one's life. I hate this lesson in many ways but do not see it contradicted. If kindness & empathy turn to hurt, act accordingly. Hope for better days & like a persistence bitch do all toward them.

That weekend my world ended. I slept badly. I woke up. New day.

Alone. Living in a friend's spare bedroom in a town where everything but the bars close early. No Boston. No Seattle. No Portland. Not even a much friendly or appealing place—but worse than that. My life was no longer appealing to me. Except for my *Nocturnes* & a ragged fixtion I dragged along in my notebook I'd forsaked all else. There here been no *Cenacle* in two years. No RaiBook. No radio show. No *Scriptor Press Sampler.* I was broke & broken.

Re-birth comes, if at all, by mysterious will, & mine came May 31, 2003. I traveled my old Saturday movie route to Showcase Cinemas in East Hartford, three buses from Plainville but I willing made the trek to visit my old places & see *The Matrix Reloaded*.

A long walk from bus stop through a swampy area behind a half-empty strip mall, & there I went deeper & deeper into a psychedelic storm within, finally to movie house, much larger than the one there in my youth, into a long-waited movie, & something within me crackled with its rousing event, a frenzy within, a rising, crazy flow all ways, gentle funky madness, the anger, the sadness, the memories of two years loving one soul, & the accumulated dream before that, how that dream seemed to lead unto her, the months of phone calls amidst my jobless hermit's life, the break, the crush, the betrayal, & it compounded because not clean, not apparently, hope rised & ended again & again, the cross-country pilgrimage, nobody knows, nobody knows, the months in Seattle when she came to me & came & went & came & went again, the trip to Burning Man when I tried to love everything in the world anew, & for a moment did, & down to Portland, the Underworld, singing, singing, & failure, goodbye, & the trek back to simply Hell & here I was & it was all snapping within this hour, this moment, movie over, run for bathroom, shit it all out again & again, holy, holy, holy, freedom, relief—

Like a few times after bad periods, worse & worse, fall, crash, stop, I remained extant & breathing, mind still biting each new hour for meaning & purpose. Others know this well too.

I determined to get my Art back, my writing & Scriptor Press both. Nobody impeded but myself. Nobody cared as much either. Whatever was to happen it would be mostly by my own hand.

After more than a year I started up my journal again, a project I'd begun in 1974 when I was ten. Discipline matters as much as gift to Art. Though a simple daily recounting of events large & small, doing it anew meant a great deal.

I determined to get to Burning Man 2003, though collecting unemployment & pennies to my name. Toward that end I started on a new batch of Burning Man Books, & long needed finish of *Scriptor Press Sampler* #2 | 2000.

Fortune struck me when a resume sent to a local weekly newspaper yielded a hit. I was hired to copyedit the *Hartford Advocate* for six weeks while its regular copy editor was on sick leave.

I had not had a job I so liked in years. It was a pleasure to bus in several days a week & read copy. I could have gladly done this job for years. As it was, the experience helped me feel a renewed sense of good self & save money to get West again. I had barely enough to afford this fourth annual trip to Black Rock City & the costs of preparing my No Borders Free Bookstore but I sunk all into it, hoping I could heal some chasms & figure where next my path.

And so another summer of making Burning Man Books. I used my copier to generate the pages, & my reliable old Macintosh did its part too. My friend Barbara Brannon helped me one last time to make the books good. There's no real explanation to what this project means to me, how removing my life for a week a year to a Utopian community in the desert affects the rest of the year. I manifest truly, & thus bear a model the other 51 weeks.

Burning Man Books 2003 features: Virginia Woolf's *Death of Poetry*, the text of a letter to a young poet friend of hers, a hopeful, funny missive shot through with despairing pose; F. Scott Fitzgerald's lovely, elegaic "Babylon Revisited," clean prosey music lifted high on humility gained & loved realized; Dylan Thomas' *In My Art or Sullen Craft*, a collection of his rowdy mystic poems, anger & want elegantly bawled; Ernest Hemingway's "A Clean Well-Lighted Place," a very short but striking fiction, one I first read when I was 18 in a book on existentialism that I'd found in the 3/$1 bins in front of long-gone Huntington's Bookstore in Hartford, CT; *Can You Pass the Acid Test?—A Fourth Anthology of Writings About Psychedelics* (contents including, among others, writings by William James, Huston Smith, Jay Stevens, & Alan Watts); & the first non-text book since 1999's coloring book, *Build This Book: A Burning Man Blank Book*, decorated with quotes from previous Burning Man Book titles. It seemed inevitable that an event devoted to self-expression would find a pile of blank books gifted in its midst. It was a good bunch of titles, & I brought *Scriptor Press Sampler* #2, long delayed, featuring writings by Soulard, Ciccone, Amante, Shorette, Dillon, and a cover by Brannon. How come & gone.

The night before the event officially began, a Sunday, I pulled out a bag of *amanita muscaria* mushrooms, picked on the Oregon coast the previous fall, when I still loved West & hoped, smiled at my friend, who'd been with me when I'd picked em, & ate a chewy, big handful. He trembled a bit & watched me close as we biked around Black Rock City. Like

the trip in May, I was strafing the open quadrant of mind & universe for some answers—& they came.

I'd known a girl via cyberspace & phone for some months. Been friends with her, confused her for Lisa & harmed her heart, kept along, a real, true friend, & she was 18 & going off to college in Nebraska—

Another young girl, long distance, ya kidding? I wasn't, & it took psychedelic spaces to crack my crabbed heart wide & witness to me the great love within. I delighted & feared in my discovery. But I trust psychedelics. I've worked with them for years, different ones, organic & chemical. Tools, aids, counselors, mysteries, but not liars. Too deep, too intense. Subsequent journeys that week confirmed: I loved Kassandra Kramer

—and told her on the phone from Seattle before I went back East—willing for it to come to nothing—I'd hurt her before—but it didn't. "Love emerges, & it disappears," sings Paul Simon. And emerges again.

Home, at least to my books & clothes, in Connecticut, I was penniless

Custom	*	Source	Time
14		Phish – 46 Days	6:15
15		Phish – All Of These Dreams	4:08
16		Phish – Walls Of The Cave	9:59
17		Phish – Thunderhead	3:21
18		Phish – Waves	11:05
19		Future Sound of London – Papsico	9:32
20		Future Sound of London – Papa New Guinea (ori...	2:21
21		Future Sound of London – Requiem	5:45
22		Future Sound of London – The Big Blue	7:41
23		Future Sound of London – The Great Marmalade ...	4:40
24		Future Sound of London – The Lovers	9:03
25		Future Sound of London – Things Change Like P...	6:07
26		Future Sound of London – Wooden Ships	5:54
27		Infected Mushroom – Release Me	8:42
28		Infected Mushroom – The Gathering	7:42
29		Infected Mushroom – Return Of The Shadows	8:07
30		Norah Jones – Don't Know Why	3:04
31		Infected Mushroom – Blue Muppet	8:03
32		Infected Mushroom – Psycho	8:10
33		The Jayhawks – All the Right Reasons	3:30
34		Christmas Themes – Southpark Merry Fucking	2:04

but buoyed from my trip. *The Hartford Advocate* happily published my Burning Man article but did not renew my job—I struggled for weeks when their sister paper in New Haven called me to do copy edit work for them. Thus began seven months of commuting about three hours to & from that city, three days a week. It was good work. I hoped for more permanent work from them but I'd finally gotten some stability. Scriptor Press work resumed.

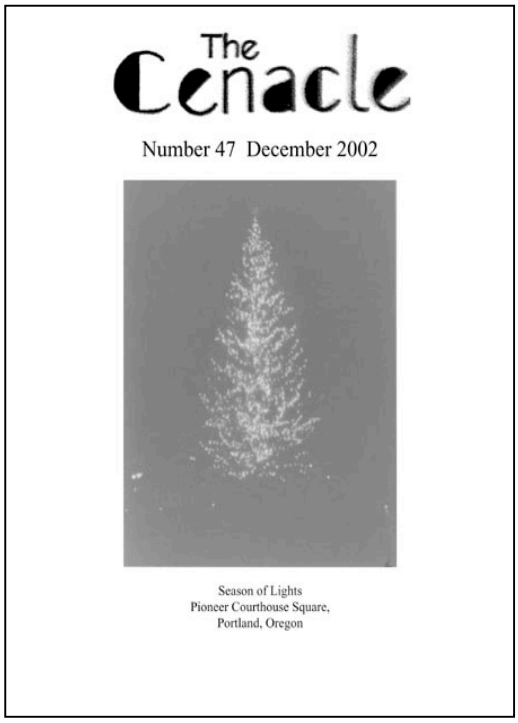
I added a 100 gig hard drive to my Macintosh, & more RAM so it would run better. An aborted trip to DC to march against the War in Iraq led me to want to do resistance work of a more native kind to my taste—& I revamped *ElectroLounge*, adding more content.

November was when two big projects got under way: my return to radio, & to *The Cenacle*—

SpiritPlants Radio emerged from the SpiritPlants online community, its forums & chat. New technology allowed a home computer to become a global transmitter. The station was the collaboration of people in North America, Europe, Australia & New Zealand, flung as far apart as possible, & yet in November 2003 there I was reviving my radio show, "Within's Within: Scenes from the Psychedelic Revolution," off air since April 2002, & sending out new rock albums by Phish, Wilco, the Jayhawks, reading my cracked fixtion & tripped-out poetry, & renewing "storybook time" by resuming reading *Acid Dreams* by Martin A. Lee & Bruce Shlain. Celebrated the new year with an online cybervisionquest all-night broadcast.

Cenacle | 47 | December 2002, had languished unfinished for nearly a year after its cover date when I resumed work on it—I left the cover date standing & treated it as a very overdue issue—my intent was to finish up this old business head held high again. It wasn't Portland that had crushed me awhile—it was a confluence of unfortunate occurences—the city's poor economy, my ruined heart, fewer social services now than once for the poor & afflicted.

So I decided that I would honor what good I'd experienced there, forget nothing but especially the good things—



Since I intended *Cenacle* 47 as the issue I would have done in December 2002 while living in Portland, I put my photo of the Pioneer Courthouse Square Christmas tree on the cover. I'd sat on the steps above it many times, willing myself to belong successfully to the city I was in. The issue's epigraph my motto those days—"No way out but through"—from Robert Frost. "From Soulard's Notebooks" was my letter to my mother asking for money a second time. She gave what she could, with this advice: I have no more, if you are still poor apply for welfare aid. I tried that; it didn't work.

The issue's contents were cheerier, not all about my current state (then). My fixtion *Blue Period* began its serialization. Written in 1998, it became by its end my try at ending my *Cement Park* novel series. Drenched in acid, music, & want, it was devoted to summoning 1968 once & for all, by song, by conjure, by stroke. I broke linear narrative into multiple

conflicted versions of the same story, maybe several stories of a single one. The writing is good; its writer was freakin.

Last poem by Ric Amante, old compadre, one called "Hamtramck Tetrad," I read it again, now, recall our phone call burying the hatchet, last phone call, he was in Detroit, & this poem later in the mail, concludes:

Why do misfits, seekers, & fools feel the urge to walk & walk & walk further
until they drop into the empty but rich plenitude of non-existence? There are
no answers to these questions, & the church spires, sparrows, & mongrels
continue to chip away at the open blue sky.

Where you go, Brother Amante, my wish is for your good health & kind companions. All else comes from these.

A poem by Barbara Brannon, "Blind Gator," one I'd much liked & included in her *Pawn Title Keep Car* Scriptor Press title. Last line still hits square:

When they take shot they are quick
Mark dead aim, humane, release
    the trigger swiftly,
    hit.
They are right:
I had forgotten how sight impairs.
I stare, see light as darkness pales
    and scales fall like stars
    from my eyes.

I don't know what she's written since but do know this poem proved her lingual mastery.

6 x 36 Nocturnes, fifth series, & here's the irony: poems dating to middle & late 2001 when I was most high sharing love with Lisa Marie Zent, published in December 2002 *Cenacle* when I'd met her in person & was losing her, what was not already gone, & said *Cenacle* finally assembled in late 2003 when all was gone between us. The poems remain. Some are good. I'd been waving magick around with love-thick words even as my life was mostly collapsed into poverty & loneliness:

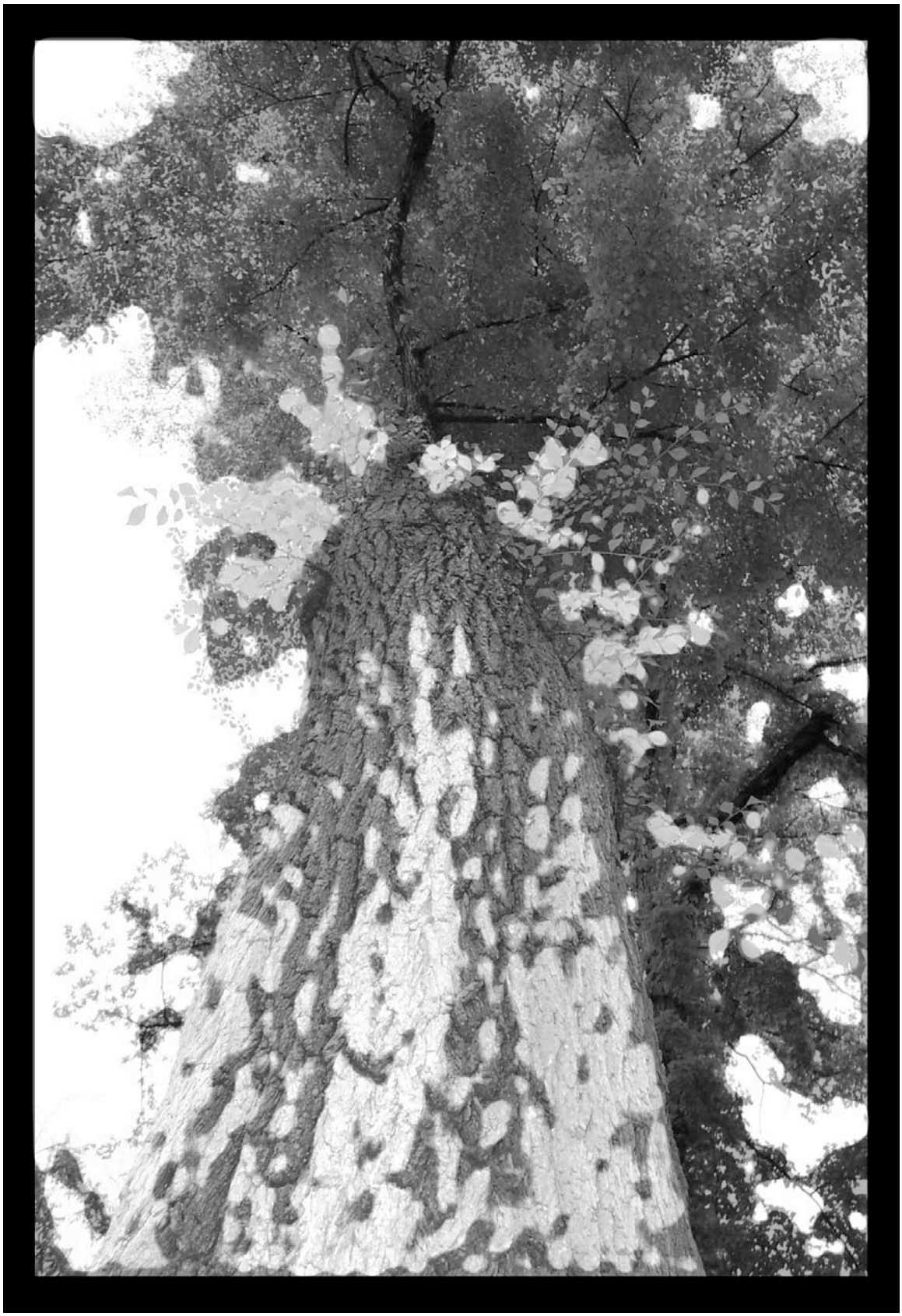
What is holy if not all? Drink the elixir
now! Happiness. There is no world.
There is only a moment, trembling.
There is only this moment, beating.
Weep & begin.

The last piece was a reprint of Albert Hofmann's "LSD: Completely Personal" in which the great chemist & thinker discusses the strange genesis of LSD & its results in his life, the dear friends he made in Aldous Huxley & Ernst Junger. How not to feel great fondness for such as Hofmann & Huxley, I know not. Too dear, too deep.

The back cover depicts me bearded & harsh & distorted, photo from my Portland days altered to reveal some of how hard it had been.

Here was December 2003, just a year later, & here I was riding a Greyhound from New Britain, Connecticut to Omaha, Nebraska to meet Kassi. We met at the bus station, first kissed in her car, haven't stopped kissing to this day. I don't think we ever will.

2003 had riven me hard & let me go with some satisfaction.



Charles Hayes

The Psychedelic [in] Society: A Brief Cultural History of Tripping

from *Tripping: An Anthology of True-Life Psychedelic Adventures*
http://www.psychedelicadventures.com/BriefHistory.htm

Psychedelics are notorious today because of the rude splash they made in the Sixties and Seventies, when the tidal wave of altered consciousness they unleashed billowed across the social landscape, upsetting many an apple cart, Newtonian and otherwise, along the way. During the course of this insurrectional drive to expand the human mind, millions of students, artists, and other seekers were ushered by chemical agents toward—and, hopefully, through—the Doors of Perception, a term borrowed from William Blake by Aldous Huxley to describe, in his 1954 book of the same title, the expansive universe to which drugs such as LSD can open up the mortal brain—a realm in which everything appears, in Blake's words, "as it is, infinite."

Timothy Leary's calls to "tune in" psychedelically and Ken Kesey's Electric Kool-Aid Acid Tests, the multimedia LSD extravaganzas immortalized by Tom Wolfe, steered untold legions through these portals into a molten state of being which is all but smothered today beneath the buttoned-down collars of straight-laced yuppie composure. Because most psychedelic drugs have been illegal since 1966, there are no accurate polls to determine the numbers of people who experimented. But many at least temporarily heeded Leary's clarion call to abandon middle-class security and catch the wave of revelation by gulping down psychotropic chemicals. Leary's death in 1996 has sparked a burst of introspection on the impact of the drugs he proselytized, and the high numbers of Baby Boomers who stormed heaven with them now have the stature to contemplate the fruits of their rebellions.

The demographics of tripping are actually much broader than one might suspect. You needn't be a hippie to have a psychedelic background. The corporate and civic leaders who are running the country today are likely to have once been experimental long-hairs in their school days. We know that President Bill Clinton and both major-party candidates vying to succeed him, Texas Governor George W. Bush and Vice-President Al Gore, have admitted or intimated they've used illegal drugs. Indeed, many in high places today have been in even higher ones in their youth, touring the outer galaxies of their own minds on acid and other psychedelics. Millions have a unique lens embedded in their minds composed of the rarefied fibers of their hallucinogenic experiences. Meanwhile, many who didn't "turn on" are wondering, "What did I miss?" Still others, psychedelic veterans among them, find "recreational" drugs and the culture of their "indulgence" disquieting, and for good reason from their perspective. Trips, after all, were known to go awry.

As the new millennium begins, the use of psychedelics is again on the rise after tapering off in the 1980s. How could this be happening? Wasn't the first time around, the convulsive Sixties and Seventies, too unsettling for anybody to want to go back? Well, the fact is that human beings will always want to suspend everyday reality, be it by legal means or

otherwise, and they will always be at least curious about alternate states of consciousness, especially those that are consecrated in many of the world's ancient traditions.

Veneration for the induced visionary experience has roots in virtually every culture on earth, however sublimated or repressed it is today. In fact, one could argue that the use of visionary plants and hallowed drafts has been seminal to the development of civilization. Two of the most pervasive and influential cultures the planet has ever seen, that of Hellenistic Greece and Aryan India, contained at their very core inspirations derived from the ingestion of psychedelic concoctions.

For two thousand years before its eradication by Christians in the fourth century A.D., the celebration of the Eleusinian Mysteries was the peak-experience of the ancient Greeks, a "holy institution," according to religion historian Huston Smith, for regularly opening "a space in the human psyche for God to enter." After a half year of rites, the pilgrimage to Eleusis just west of Athens climaxed with the re-enactment of a sacred drama that was enhanced by the drinking of *kykeon,* a grainy beverage believed to contain barley ergot. Among notable initiates were Socrates, Plato, Sophocles, Aristotle, Aeschylus, Cicero, Pindar, and possibly Homer. A communion between gods and men, between the living and the dead, the ceremony at Eleusis was a symbolic journey to the underworld to claim back from death Persephone, the daughter of the grain goddess Demeter. The setting for this ur-psychedelic experience was a *telesterion* (initiation hall) at the very site where Persephone is said to have emerged from Hades with the newborn son she'd conceived in death there. A series of breathtaking, masterfully orchestrated special effects enthralled the senses and conjured the specter of deliverance from the forces of darkness through a ritualized resurrection. The whirlpool of stimuli that washed over initiates involved an Oz-like chimera of voices, music, perfumes, mists, light and shadows. At the peak of the crescendo, the "bellowing roar of a gong-like instrument that outdid…the mightiest thunderclap, coming from the bowels of the earth" announced the arrival of the queen of the netherworld.

All were forbidden by penalty of death to tell what they'd seen. According to Carl A.P. Ruck, co-author with R. Gordon Wasson of *The Road to Eleusis* (1978), "Even a poet could only say that he had seen the beginning and the end of life and known that they were one, something given by God. The division between earth and sky melted into a pillar of light." Of course, some couldn't hold their tongues about such a marvel. A scandal ensued when some aristocratic Athenians began celebrating the Mysteries at dinner parties in their homes with groups of "drunken" revelers. Socrates himself was tried and condemned for using the sacred brew recreationally. (Such a profanation of the holy potion might have a modern-day parallel in the spilling of LSD into the well water of the mass media and youth culture during the early Sixties).

Notably, the Mysteries were not freely conjured by anyone who could get their hands on the kykeon. They were the exclusive charge of two families who served as hierophants for two thousand years. Clearly, the indoctrination and rites leading up to the swigging of the mash were at least as influential as the concoction itself in weaving the phantasm that stole over the pilgrims' senses. Such congregational participation and extensive preparation for a psychedelic experience is almost unheard of in the modern West. If anything like the Eleusinian Mysteries had survived the hi-tech world of today, it would almost certainly be diluted and profaned, taking the form of a commercialized adventure-tourism attraction involving a multimedia circus of light and sound somewhat akin to the group-mind experience of a Trips Festival or a rave. Re-creation of the kykeon brew has proved elusive, however, even to such consummate ergot specialists as Albert Hofmann, who used the fungus in his 1938 invention of LSD.

The earliest known religious texts are a collection of hymns called *The Rig Veda*,

written by Aryans who swept down into India from Siberia. Among the one thousand twenty-eight verses, considered the foundation of the Hindu religion, a hundred and twenty are devoted to praise for the rootless, leafless plant called Soma, which is deified for conferring immortality and divine inspiration. "We have drunk the Soma; we have become immortal; we have gone to the light; we have found the gods." (*Rig Veda* 8.48.1-15)

Wasson conjectured that Soma was *Amanita muscaria*, the red-capped Fly Agaric mushroom depicted ubiquitously to this day in European folktale literature, and used ritualistically by Siberian and some Native American tribes. This conclusion was based, in part, on the *Amanita*'s unique property of being able to inebriate people who drink the user's urine, which is corroborated by a reference in *The Rig Veda* to ceremonial urine drinking. Wasson tried *Amanita* several times himself, but never really got off. Terence McKenna believes that Soma is actually *the Psilocybe cubensis* mushroom, in part because of the generally weak and erratic performance of the *Amanita* mushroom in modern trials. Uncovering the ancient ethnobotanical truth about Soma is an ongoing endeavor, but there is little doubt that the very ether of Indian religion is a psychotropic, probably mycelial, plant.

The average American today still has little if any inkling of the traditions for the sacramental use of mushrooms and other plants by cultures across the globe, lumping all drugs into one baggie-full of stupefying intoxicants that will turn you into a sick, lazy low-life bound for jail or an early death. Unlikely as it may seem, however, an appreciation for the induced visionary experience is apparent not so far beneath the surface of mainstream modern culture. For me this remnant sensibility is epitomized in the vision of Walt Disney (a known cocaine user), whose *imagineered*™ re-creations of classic fables often alluded to the fruitful alterability of consciousness.

The pivotal scene in *Dumbo* (1941), for instance, is the transformation of consciousness and augmentation of capacity—in this case, the big-eared elephant's motor skills—via a hallucinatory delirium brought on when the dejected pachyderm drinks a barrel full of water into which, unbeknownst to him, a bottle of spirits had been accidentally spilled. To the foreboding lyrics and serpentine melody of "Pink Elephants on Parade," Dumbo begins seeing things "you know that ain't" (a succession of fractals and geometrical patterns, forms morphing into new ones, and scenes of Oriental mystery and erotica), then passes into oblivion, from which he wakes up in the highest branches of a tree. Thus Dumbo earns his wings not through an act of obeisance to the Ten Commandments but in the throes of a psychotropic-induced visionary state.

Fantasia (1940) features scenes that portray synthesthesia ("See the music, hear the pictures," reads the video's promotional copy) and other phantasmic phenomena that make it one of the most beloved of all films to view while tripping. According to psychedelic scholar Peter Stafford, Disney's "chief visualist" for the project was a mescaline subject of Kurt Beringer (an associate of Carl Jung and Herman Hesse), who published *The Mescaline Inebriation* in 1927. In the early decades of Disneyland, a pink elixir was served upon entry in the Enchanted Tiki Room to accentuate the pleasure of the tropical respite and render the bird songs that much sweeter. The psychoactive element of the potion was "make believe," of course, but today, in deference to stricter notions of "family values" now in vogue, the suggestive little cocktail is no longer offered to visitors.

Since the cataclysms of the Sixties and Seventies, a more tenacious if less overtly messianic subculture has grown up around the psychedelic. Nowhere in the industrial world is psychedelic consciousness more above-board and appreciated than in the computer software business, where it is regarded as the inspiration for cybernetics—the very definition of twenty-first century communications efficiency—by many of its most illustrious

practitioners. According to Jaron Lanier, a pioneer in the virtual reality industry, "…almost to a person, the founders of the [personal] computer industry were psychedelic style hippies….Within the computer science community there's a very strong connection with the '60s psychedelic tradition, absolutely no question about it."

In the TNT docudrama *Pirates of Silicon Valley* (1999), Apple founder Steve Jobs is depicted on an acid trip in which he conceives himself the conductor of his own cosmic symphony. Bob Wallace, one of the early developers of Microsoft, who now runs Mind Books, the online purveyor of tomes devoted to psychedelic and alternative consciousness, has said that his conception of shareware as a formal business application was psychedelically inspired. Lotus spreadsheet designer Mitchell Kapor, co-founder with Grateful Dead lyricist John Perry Barlow of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, an Internet advocacy organization, has attributed certain "recreational chemicals" with sharpening his business acumen. Bob Jesse left his position as vice president of business development at Oracle, the world's second largest software company after Microsoft, to head the Council on Spiritual Practices, a non-profit organization that advocates (among other things) the responsible use of *entheogens* (divine-manifesting drugs) for religious purposes. Such a marriage of technology and psychedelic consciousness—and a resoundingly profitable and influential one at that—might have been foretold by Marshall McLuhan's 1968 observation that "the computer is the LSD of the business world."

The possibility that industrial success might in any way be attributed to the psychedelic is not overtly bantered about in Wall Street boardrooms, where psychedelic acuity is not yet measured out in lucre as an asset or variable in a company's fortunes. But according to author and media theorist Douglas Rushkoff, firms "such as Sun Microsystems that lead the Valley of the Nerds [Silicon Valley] recognize the popularity of psychedelics among their employees." You need only one look at the covers of the cyber-age magazines *Wired* and *Mondo 2000* to conclude that the computer cognizenti have had at least some contact with the whirring currents of the psychedelic Mainframe.

The phrase "We're all connected!"—often exclaimed during a psychedelic experience—might just as well be uttered by a PC user tapping into the mycelium-like World Wide Web for the first time. Cyberspace is, in many respects, an electronic mirror of the hyperspatial web of synaptic nerves running through the Universal Mind, the Indra's Net of impulses and receptor sites that some say they've accessed by psychedelics. (According to ancient myth, Indra, the king of the Hindu pantheon, created a vast web comprised of strings of jewels. Each jewel both reflected and was reflected by all the others, thus revealing both its uniqueness and its universality.) A sort of invisible yet real medium of contact between any and all points, cyberspace is a habitat for the mitosis-like proliferation of the idea germs called *memes*, and an endless mind field on which to explode the fractal equations that portray the parallel orders of controlled chaos in the universe.

* * * * * *

Much of what I unearthed about contemporary psychedelic culture would be considered elementary or passe to the many who tune into recordings of McKenna's incandescent rants; travel hundreds of miles to raves, Rainbow Gatherings, or neo-pagan festivals like Starwood and Burning Man; subscribe to hyperspatial mind rags like *TRP, Head Magazine,* and *Magical Blend;* and log on to the homepage for the *Salvia divinorum* Research and Information Center and other psychedelic Websites. But I uncovered a great deal of information about the subject that I wish I'd known back when I was a teenage

tripper in the 1970s. My research revealed how much I and others were in the dark—and still are—in regard to maximum safety and security issues, the history of psychedelic substance usage, and the wisest methods of navigating the various hazards and hassles of the psychedelic experience. Although there have been many new developments since I started out (new substances, resources, methods), much of the apparent change that I perceive in psychedelic culture is only a function of my earlier ignorance. When I started tripping at age fifteen, I'd barely boned up on the subject. There was information and guidance available, of course, but I was aware of very little of it.

I have since learned that the modern psychedelic revolution first germinated in the time and place that I was born, in mid-Fifties Los Angeles, unofficially inaugurated on a brilliant morning in May 1953, when Huxley threw back 400 milligrams of "mescalin" sulfate in the tawny, then-unspoiled Hollywood Hills. The psychedelic then enjoyed a decade of expansive development before generating so much heat that the law was provoked to come down harshly on it. (The State of California's ban on LSD took effect on October 6, 1966, and the other states soon followed suit.) Many might be astonished that "mind-blowing" psychedelics once enjoyed an age of relative freedom of proliferation and experimentation, during which one worried not about getting busted and only minimally about "freaking out." During that window of opportunity, psychologists, Beats and artists, and various members of the intelligentsia, including some pillars of the ruling class, experimented quietly and not so quietly with mescaline sulfate, psilocybin tablets, and LSD-25 to mostly rave reviews.

Cary Grant, the very emblem of debonair Forties-era class, admitted taking acid over a hundred times under psychiatric supervision in the 1950s. Thrilled with the results, he crediting LSD with helping him control his boozing and come to terms with unresolved conflicts involving his parents. (I recall a circa 1970 article in a Chicago daily in which Grant described how, during an early acid experience, he was so overwhelmed with the expurgatorial power of the drug that he felt he was about to let loose with a terrific, system-wide, psychical bowel movement.) Time/Life publisher Henry Luce described "chatting up God" on a golf course during an LSD session, while his wife, Claire Boothe Luce, cleaned her psychical house with the medicine. A right-wing idealogue, Mrs. Luce believed that LSD was fine for the elite, but not advisable for the masses. "We wouldn't want everyone doing too much of a good thing," she is reported as saying.

Before the ban, psychedelic research focused on the use of LSD in treating alcoholism, depression, sexual neuroses, autism, compulsive syndromes, and criminal psychopathology. By 1965 there were more than two thousand scientific papers describing the treatment of up to forty thousand patients with psychedelic drugs. Success was commonplace. Among the more stunning results were from studies in which LSD was used in the treatment of autistic children at UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute and of chronic alcoholics at Hollywood Hospital in British Columbia and Spring Grove State Hospital in Baltimore. In a 1961 letter to Leary, Alcoholics Anonymous founder William Wilson waxed glowingly about the "immense and growing value" of "LSD and some kindred alkaloids," having personally experienced their ability to break down barriers within the self.

By the time I boarded the psychedelic bus in 1970, the commotion over LSD had already spawned a backlash against the dispersal of the chemicals far beyond the enclaves of the elite to the teenyboppers of a mass media-fed youth culture. Leary is held largely responsible for this debacle. After conducting several laudable studies as a Harvard psychologist, and pioneering and then road-mapping the psychedelic landscape in highly serviceable books used as bibles by trippers in-the-know during the Sixties—*The Psychedelic Experience: A Manual Based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead* (1964), and *Psychedelic Prayers*

after the Tao Te Ching (1966)—the zealous pie-eyed piper actually helped ruin the name—and hence the experience of LSD as well as other psychedelics—by his puerile jingoism and shenanigans. (The rise and fall of the psychedelic revolution is chronicled brilliantly in *Storming Heaven: LSD and the American Dream* (1987) by Jay Stevens, which depicts the social factors and cumulative events that led to the national hysteria over LSD, which overtook the country and finally led to the drug's criminalization.)

The dark age of the Leary hangover may now be giving way to new light on the psychedelic horizon, visible through some cracks in the wall of proscription. Thirty-four state legislatures and the District of Columbia have passed laws—yet in conflict with federal law—recognizing marijuana's medical value.The FDA has recently ended its decades-long ban on clinical psychedelic use and approved new trials for LSD, psilocybin, DMT, MDMA, and ibogaine. In Brazil the Uniao do Vegetal (UDV), a religious order that uses ayahuasca as a sacrament, got the legal right to do so by the national government in 1992. According to Curtis Wright, director of the addictive drugs division at the FDA, "It's clear that these agents have a role in understanding how the mind works, and there's also a role for them as potential ways to help people."

Back when I did most of my tripping, there were basically five psychedelic substances in use among my circles: LSD, so-called "mescaline" (usually inferior acid), peyote, psilocybin mushrooms, and MDA. Today, there is a whole galaxy of new choices, including an apparently infinite string of synthetic analogs banned automatically by the Analog Act of 1986. Alexander (Sasha) Shulgin, the former research scientist at Dow Chemical affectionately dubbed "the Godfather of MDMA (Ecstasy)," has annexed an extensive archipelago of new territory to the psychedelic continent by creating—and then self-testing—new potions with the flick of a molecule. In *PiHKAL* (1991), an acronym for "phenethylamines I have known and loved," Shulgin and his wife Ann document his laboratory inventions and their psychoactive properties in the context of a "A Chemical Love Story," the courtship between these two now august and beloved figures in the psychedelic community.

In 1997 I sat in on a DMT cell group in Manhattan, the likes of which, according to one member, has propagated as a response to McKenna's irresistible endorsements. A cluster of fellows smoked the high-octane tryptamine in a dark room, then soared off internally for twenty minutes or so, returning to their senses to compare notes. The experience is so intense and otherworldly that it can take awhile to piece together just a fraction of what has happened. "If only I could remember the last thing I saw before I came out...," stammered one of the psychonauts, struggling to reassemble the bolt of truth that had just laid siege to his mind.

No longer a mere trend, rave (or dance) culture has swept the world since the late 1980s, a pacific movement by a mycelial network of MDMA-fueled Techno music revelers from Manchester, England to Koh Phangan, Thailand. In the UK, where rave took off and where youth culture burns fiercest perhaps, it is believed that the number of MDMA "pills" taken every week has increased steadily from one million in 1992. The ravers I met in London in 1997 gave me to believe that their legions, along with their defiant temperament, are growing. In the working-class district of Brixton, I talked to a laser technician for rave shows who predicts an apocalyptic confrontation between the British government and the increasingly Ecstatic youth. (It remains to be seen whether the commercialism and popstar iconoclasm that has most recently crept into rave events once notable for their spore-like spontaneity and the diffuse anonymity of the music, will numb the nerve-ends of the movement and render it increasingly harmless from the perspective of authorities.)

The organic counterpart to Shulgin's artificial pharmacopeia is the burgeoning field

of ethnobotany, led by intrepid, rainforest-trekking scholars such as McKenna, Wallace, and Jonathan Ott, all intent on cataloging Mother Nature's psychotropic tools and their use in shamanic rites by traditional cultures across the globe. There's an ample and growing body of scholarship devoted to indigenous practices related to sacred plants, with passages on psychedelic seeds, snuffs, brews and other preparations that read like accounts of occult fetish worship in James Frazier's *The Golden Bough* (1890) or Margaret Mead's *Coming of Age in Samoa* (1928). The adventure-travel circuit is riddled with mystical-magical locales where one can participate in authentic tribal rites with ayahuasca or the San Pedro cactus, take mushrooms or Ecstasy on a tropical beach under the full moon, or eat legal hash from a government shop. For the armchair traveler, Paul Devereux's *The Long Trip: A Prehistory of Psychedelia* (1997) charts the use of sacred plants all over the world from the beginning of recorded history.

The ancient Mayan civilization, whose shamans apparently made ample use of the psilocybin mushroom, figures heavily in the mythology of today's psychedelic culture. One of my participants, the London laser specialist I'll call Stan, was keen to this, while embodying several matrices of contemporary psychedelic sophistication. Coming of age in what might be called "old wave" psychedelia, dropping acid at free festivals during the Seventies, his trade involves synchronizing beams of light to the rhythms of Goa Trance and Drum 'N Bass music for throngs of MDMA-popping twenty-somethings who are gearing up for the new millennium and the Advent of the Alien. But Stan's real cup of tea is a fascination with both the anthropology and the headspace of the tryptamines.

A few years ago Stan was studying the Mayan codices in the British Museum Library when he spotted a glyph that a Christian scholar had identified as a "night light" (i.e., the artificial light of candles or paraffin), but which he believed was actually a cross-section of the *yage* vine, a component of ayahuasca. Finding it curious that there were carvings of kings from separate generations sitting together eating, he translated a codex that gave what he interpreted as a recipe for time travel, using the *yage.* To celebrate the discovery, he and his brother-in-law, a mycologist, undertook a risky regime of psilocybin in combination with harmaline, an MAO inhibitor meant to potentiate the tryptamine in the mushrooms, over a period of several days.

In the course of their visioneering expedition, they encountered a network through time constructed by Mayan psychedelic shamans, who, Stan believes, set dates when they'd meet up with ancestors or progeny. When they knew that cosmological conditions were aligned for them to contact a royal figure from another age, the shamans would drink a tryptamine brew and use a form of psychical telekinesis to time-travel to meet up with him. Meanwhile, the long-departed or distant-future king would, in turn, be looking back because he knew that the shamans were looking for him. Disintegrating into the biospheric mesh of the planet, Stan recalls, "we immediately saw them and they saw us." After upping the dose of harmaline to dangerous levels, they had visions of the last scenes of the Mayan civilization, people dying of Old World diseases such as small pox, diphtheria, and cholera. However accurate his archaeological findings and historical notions, Stan's experiences bespeak the transtemporal and cosmopolitan sensibility of the contemporary psychedelic scene.

Oral ingestion of DMT with beta-carboline MAO inhibitors is now a sort of totem among many of today's trippers, a way to both encounter and embody the Archaic Revival, the return to pure, autochthonic theology, often via modern chemistry, extolled in McKenna's 1991 compilation volume of that name. These days there's many an amateur ethnopharmacologist and psychedelic brewmeister out there, calculating the tryptamine to MAOI ratios just so. (Indeed, MAOIs can be dicey admixtures that can cause blackouts when taken in combination with tryptamines and possibly death when mixed with MDMA.

Prescription MAOIs carry a slew of warnings about dangerous combinations.) Writes, R.U. Sirius, co-founder of *Mondo 2000,* which *Time* calls "the cyberculture mindstyle manual-magazine," "You can find it [the independence and erudition of the new counterculture] on the Net, where millions of youths log on to psychedelic bulletin boards. Read through the public conversations, and you'll start to wonder how many young psychedelic chemists conversant in biotechnology, comparative religion and visionary literature, are hiding in the American heartland."

There is no doubt that with the advent of the new millennium, the use of psychedelics will continue to rise, both responsibly and otherwise, as they are increasingly seen as tools for penetrating the veils of quotidian *maya* and mass-media illusion spun by corporate greed. According to the best hopes of the new psychedelic vanguard, the expanded intelligent use of these plants and chemicals will usher in an eon of shamanic vistas and stronger definitions true to primordial forms: a pagan, aboriginal order in which the spirit will reign pre-eminent.

Notes on Contributors

Emmanuelle Claire-Élise "Fuzz" Galicher lives in Århus, Denmark. Her art first appeared in *Cenacle* 54/April 2005. Regarding her artwork for the front cover of the current issue, she writes: "This acrylic painting of the traditional figure of the Green man is here represented with a new perspective. The Psychedelic Green Man is composed of eleven psychedelic plants. Those plants have been explored since the beginning of Homo sapiens; some plants even since the beginning of animal life itself, since animals also ingest various plants. The experimentations with those plants have most likely been a great influence on the evolution of Homo sapiens. I thought it was very fitting to give back to the Green Man some of his ancient and sacred psychedelic heritage. In the Psychedelic Green Man, you can find: ibogaine, cannabis, opium poppy, muscaria, psilocybin mushrooms, caapi, peyote, san pedro, mandrake root, and morning glories."

Judih Haggai lives at Kibbutz Nir Oz in Israel. Her poetry appears regularly in *The Cenacle*. Though her life centers in a place half the globe away, her magical presence in these pages belie any real distance whatsoever.

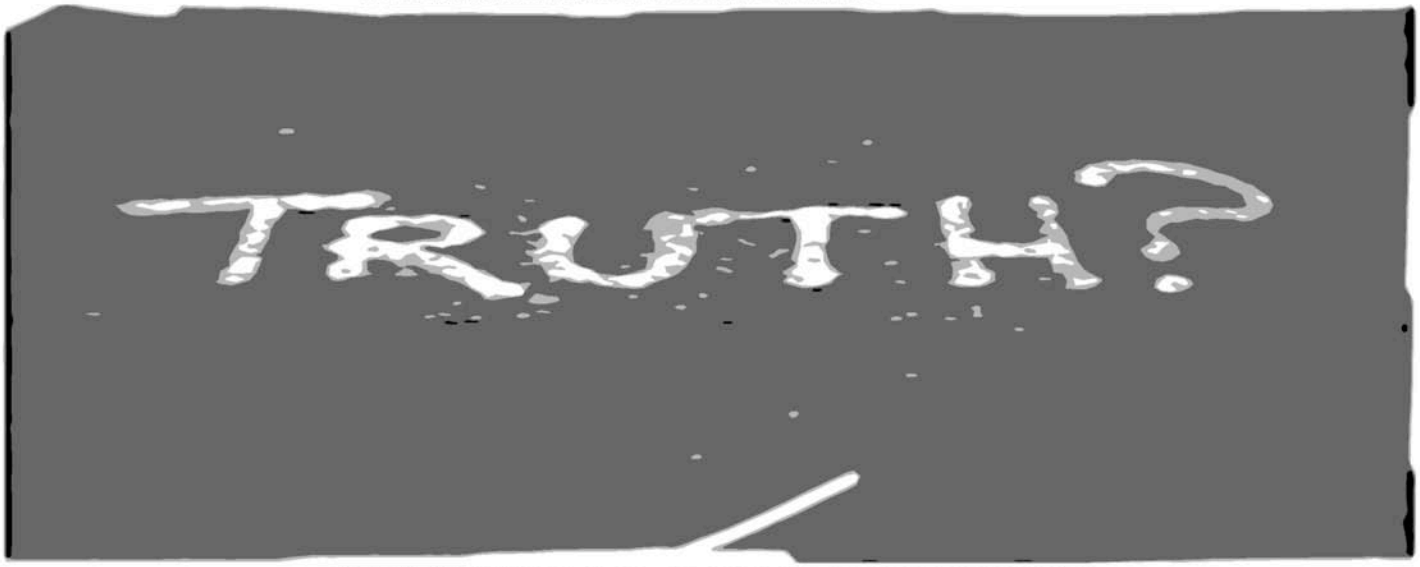
Charles Hayes is the author of *Tripping: An Anthology of True-Life Psychedelic Adventures*. His work has appeared in *Shaman's Drum*, *Tikkun*, *The Oxford American*, *High Times*, *Heads*, *The Earth Times*, and *E Magazine*.

Carl Gustav Jung was born in Kesswil, in the Swiss canton of Thurgau on July 26, 1875, and died on June 6, 1961. His study & exploration into the nature & reality of dreams has played an inestimable part in contemporary thinking about what connects beings & how.

Kassandra Kramer lives in Seattle, Washington. She studies social justice at Antioch University, & trees, squirrels, & exotic doughnuts in her free time. There would not a *Cenacle* in the prime form it is now without her involvement.

Raymond Soulard, Jr. lives in Seattle, Washington. He works when he has the gig, looks for work when he doesn't. Writes like an aging lunatic, & enjoys every last second of doing so. Dreams of solid ground & perpetual song in this shady-ass world.

A very Good day to you I am by name, Hajia mariam sani Abacha the former first lady and also the wife of the former late head of state of the federal republic of Nigeria Late Gen Sani abacha whose sudden death came on the 8th of June 1999 Since his death,I have been thrown into an astate of utter confusion frustration and hopelessness by the present civilian administration I have been subjected to physical and psychological torture by the security agents in the country My son Mohammed was under detention arraigned before the federal high court of Nigeria for an offence he did not commit Though he has been released since on the 23rd of september 2004 based on certain conditions but he is not allowed to move around to any where,He has been restricted to his own town only and also been placed under the government watch For you to have a better understanding of what I m talking about please view this wbsites



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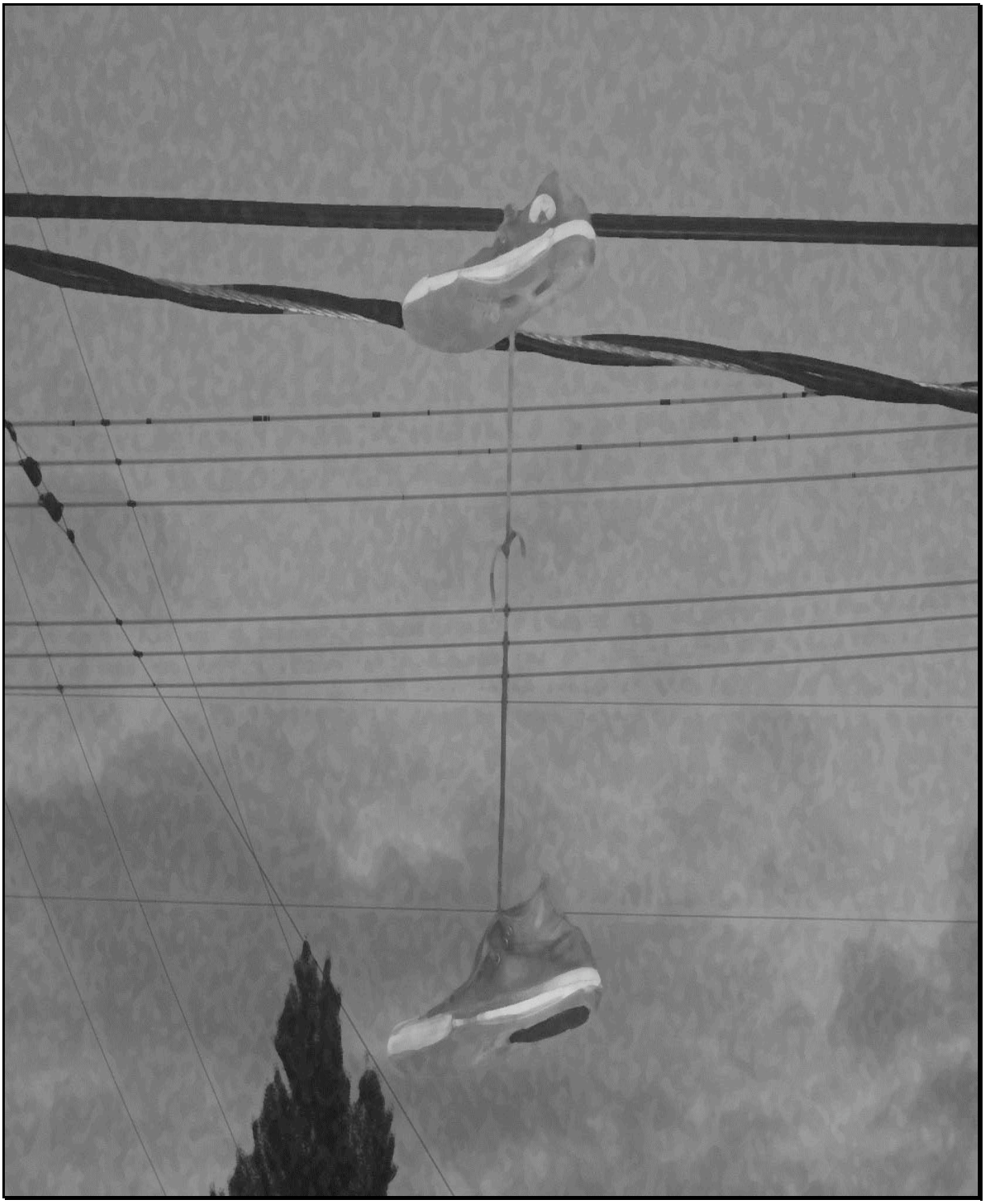
I will require your telephone and fax numbers so that we can commence communication immediately and I will give you a more detailed picture of things.In case you dont accept please do not let me out to the security as I am